

ROYAL EDITION

THE SONGS OF  
SCOTLAND  
VOL II

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Sewall Fund

ENLARGED EDITION.

THE

# SONGS OF SCOTLAND.

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VOL. II.

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CONTAINING

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY ONE SONGS.

COLLECTED AND EDITED,

WITH NEW ACCOMPANIMENTS,

BY

MYLES B. FOSTER.

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## INTRODUCTORY NOTES.

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As the subject of Scottish Music and Poetry has been most ably treated by Dr. Charles Mackay in Vol. I. of *Songs of Scotland*, I will limit myself in this second volume to noticing any point of interest or peculiarity in connection with each separate song, dealing with them in alphabetical order.

**A COUNTRY LASS** (p. 1).—Four verses are omitted; partly on account of their bluntness, and partly because the song is already too long.

**ADIEU, DUNDEE!** (p. 2).—In the Skene MSS. the air appears in tablature, and was translated by Mr. Daune. It is probably older than the 16th century. The words are modern.

**Æ NICHT I' THE GLOAMING** (p. 4).—A beautiful elegy by the Ettrick Shepherd, James Hogg, in memory of the immortal Burns.

**ALAS! THAT I CAM' O'ER THE MUIR** (p. 6).—The air is very old, and a form of it appears in the Skene MSS., with the two first lines of the old song, "Alace! that I came o'er the moor," &c. The rest of the song as printed here, is modern.

**AN THOU WERT MY AIN THING** (p. 8).—Attributed by John Stafford Smith to Henry Purcell, but as the latter was not born until 1658, and the melody appears in a crude form in the MS. notebook of Gordon of Straloch, dated 1627, under the title "An thou wer myn own thing," that disproves it. The second half of the air was added later on in the 17th century.

**A ROSEBUD BY MY EARLY WALK** (p. 11).—The "Jeanie" of this song was a Miss Cruickshanks, daughter of a master in Edinburgh High School, at whose house Burns lodged for some time.

**ARGYLE IS MY NAME** (p. 12).—These words are a modified form of older words attributed to John, Marquis of Argyle and Greenwich, who died in 1743.

**A SOUTHLAND JENNY** (p. 14).—Burns says that this melody (and many others in Johnson's Scots' Museum) was first written down from Mrs. Burns singing it.

**AT POLWART ON THE GREEN** (p. 15).—The air, with this title, appeared in Mrs. Crockett's book, 1709, and was used by Gay in his opera of "Polly." It certainly has an English character about it. The first four lines of verse 1 are earlier than Ramsay. There is a third verse, but it is not presentable.

**AT WILLIE'S WEDDING ON THE GREEN** (p. 16).—The tune was composed by Rev. Mr. Gardner, an Aberdeenshire minister; a tune very similar to it appeared in Thomson's "Orpheus Caledonius," published in London 1733, entitled "Jenny beguiled the Webster."

**AULD KING COUL** (p. 18).—A very old Scotch version of the well-known song, differing in both tune and words from the English one.

**AWAY, YE GAY LANDSCAPES** (p. 20).—Lord Byron says, "Near Lachin y Gair (pronounced in the Erse, *Loch na Garr*) I spent some of the early part of my life, the recollection of which has given birth to these stanzas."

BALOO, MY BOY (p. 22).—The characters in the ballad are Lady Anne Bethwell, daughter of the Bishop of Orkney, and her cousin Col. Alexander Erskine, son of the Earl of Mar, who was killed in 1640. Only the first verse of the old ballad is presentable.

BESSIE BELL AND MARY GRAY (p. 30).—Pennant states, "Bessie Bell and Mary Gray died in 1645 of the plague, communicated by a gentleman who was their mutual admirer." The version we print is, excepting verse 1, by Ramsay; the old ballad, the first stanza of which is included in Ramsay's version, recounts the sad fate of the two girls, thus :

They theekit it ower wi' rashes green,  
They theekit it ower wi' heather;  
But the pest came from the burrows-town,  
And slew them baith thegither.  
  
They thocht to lie in Methven kirk  
Amang their noble kin;  
But they maun lie in Lynedoch Brae  
To beek fornent the sun.

The tune was introduced by Gay into the "Beggar's Opera" in 1728.

DONALD (p. 44).—Some doubt has been expressed as to whether this charming air is Scotch, or the production of some English musician of the time of Shield. The earlier version of the words, as printed in the "Orpheus Caledonius," has been slightly altered by R. A. Smith in his "Scottish Minstrel," and these we have selected.

FAREWELL, THOU STREAM (p. 52).—The tune, originally set to "There Nancy's to the greenwood gone," was introduced by Gay into his Opera "Achilles," performed at Covent Garden, 1733.

HAME, HAME, HAME! (p. 64).—This pathetic Jacobite song is quoted in "The Fortunes of Nigel," and Richie Moniplies is made to sing part of it.

HOW SWEET THIS LONE VALE (p. 70).—The Hon. Andrew Erskine, brother of the Earl of Kellie, is alluded to in Burney's "History of Music," as being one of the cleverest violinists and composers of his day. He was the first Scotchman to compose orchestral overtures. He, unfortunately, gambled, and lost so heavily, that in 1793 he drowned himself in the Firth of Forth.

HUGHIE GRAHAM (p. 72).—Burns has either altered or added four of the stanzas of this ballad, popular in Ayrshire in his day. He improved Nos. 9 and 10, and added Nos. 3 and 8 from his own pen.

I DREAMED I LAY WHERE FLOWERS WERE SPRINGING (p. 75).—Burns wrote this poem when seventeen years old. The tune is scarcely Scotch in character; some editions make the fourth note (A) commence the bar.

I'LL BID MY HEART BE STILL (p. 78).—The air bears a strong resemblance to the old English tune, "The Willow Tree," in Chappell's collection.

I'LL HA'E MY COAT O' GUDE SNUFFBROWN (p. 79).—The first phrases of the melody are strikingly similar to the English air, "The Roast Beef of Old England."

IT'S UP WI' THE SOUTERS O' SELKIRK (p. 85).—The name of "Sowter" was applied to the Burgesses of Selkirk, from the curious custom observed on admission to the freedom of the city. Hog bristles were attached to the seal of his burghs-ticket, these he had to dip in wine and pass between his lips, in token of allegiance to the brotherhood.

KEEN BLAWS THE WIND O'ER DONOCHT-HEAD (p. 90).—The words (with the exception of the last twelve lines) are by Geo. Pickering of Newcastle. Burns, writing in 1794, to Thomson, says, "Donocht-Head is not mine; I would give £10 if it were. It appeared first in the *Edinburgh Herald* and came to the Editor of that paper with the Newcastle postmark on it."



McPHERSON'S FAREWELL (p. 100).—"McPherson's Lament," says Sir Walter Scott, "was a well-known song many years before the Ayrshire Bard wrote these additional verses which constitute its principal merit. This noted freebooter was executed at Inverness about the beginning of the last century. When he came to the fatal tree he played the tune to which he has bequeathed his name upon a favourite violin, and holding up the instrument he offered it to anyone of his clan who would undertake to play the tune at the lyke-wake. As none answered, he dashed it to pieces on the executioner's head and flung himself from the ladder."

OH, GIN I WERE WHERE GADIE RINS (p. 112).—John Imlah, an Aberdeenshire man, was for some years tuner and traveller for Messrs. Broadwood & Sons. He published two volumes of poems and songs. The old air has long been popular in the Mar district.

OH, KENMURE'S ON AND AWA', WILLIE (p. 114).—The hero of this ballad was Viscount Kenmure, leader of the Chevalier's forces, 1715. He advanced as far south as Preston in Lancashire, was there taken prisoner and marched to London. In 1716 he was tried and beheaded on Tower Hill.

OH, WAE UPON THAT FEARFU' DEED (p. 120).—This lament alludes to the cowardly massacre of Glencoe.

OH, WERE I ON PARNASSUS HILL (p. 122).—The tune was composed by Oswald and the song written by Burns in his wife's (Jean Armour's) honour, shortly after their marriage and his possession of the Elliesland farm on the banks of the Nith.

O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET? (p. 126).—The tune here used is a more modern version of a very old melody, a copy of which Mr. E. F. Graham possesses, written in square-shaped notes, in an old MS. for the Virginals.

ON CESSNOCK BANKS (p. 130).—The subject of this song was Ellison Begbie, an early love of the poet's. The tune has been united to other words by Burns, "The cardin' o't." We use the improved or later version of "On Cessnock Banks," omitting five verses.

PEGGIE, NOW THE KING'S COME (p. 137).—Ramsay, noting the great success of Gay's "Beggars' Opera," added songs to his "Gentle Shepherd," and this was one sung by Manse in that play.

QUEEN MARY'S FAREWELL TO ALLOA (p. 138).—We have transposed part of the air an octave on account of the extremely high compass.

ROBIN TAMSON'S SMIDDY (p. 147).—This tune has also been used for a ballad, entitled "The Taylor."

ROMANTIC ESK! (p. 148).—The air "Fy, gar rub her o'er wi' strae" is very old, dating from the 16th century. It was *adapted* as an English song in the last century, so great a favourite was it, and Gay introduced it in his Opera of "Achilles."

SAE FAR AWA' (p. 150).—We have lowered a portion of the second strain an octave; it is impossible, otherwise, to sing it.

SINCE ALL THY VOWS, FALSE MAID (p. 153).—About the end of the 16th century the Chisholms owned the estate of Cromlecks, and the heir became deeply attached to the daughter of Stirling of Ardoch, known as "Fair Helen of Ardoch." Chisholm, being called abroad to the war, entrusted his letters for Helen to a lay brother of Dumblane Monastery. The latter, himself in love with Helen, misrepresented Chisholm's conduct and suppressed his letters to Helen, and gave false accounts of Helen's conduct to Chisholm. Having destroyed the mutual confidence of the lovers, he persecuted Helen into marrying him. But, after the service, her compliance ended, Chisholm shortly returned, and discovered the base treachery of his soi-disant friend; the marriage was annulled, and fair Helen became the wife of her lover, Chisholm. In 1673 the tune was selected by Rev. William Geddes for one of his hymns!

THE DAY RETURNS (p. 171).—This song was written by Burns as a tribute to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Riddell of Glenriddel, to whose kindness and hospitality, he says, he was indebted for many of the happiest hours of his life. Mr. Riddell himself composed the tune, and named it after the date of their wedding day.

TODLEN HAME (p. 193).—Burns notes that this is, perhaps, the first “bottle-song” ever composed. It has also, for ages, been a favourite folksong in Gloucestershire, transposed, of course, into the broad dialect of that county.

THOU BONNIE WOOD OF CRAIGIELEA (p. 196).—All the terribly unpicturesque accessories of modern civilization, including a large gasworks, disfigure the scenery which is here so charmingly described, and which lies to the north-west of Paisley.

THOU DARK-WINDING CARRON (p. 198).—This song refers to the Battle of Falkirk, in the year 1298, when Wallace, partly by the treachery of two Scotch nobles, partly by the superior strength of the English forces, was completely defeated by King Edward I. The air was composed by John McDonald, a fashionable teacher of dancing in Dundee.

WE’LL MEET BESIDE THE DUSKY GLEN (p. 202).—This tune is another version of “The Brier Bush,” recovered by R. A. Smith; the older version was published 1798.

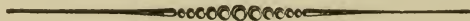
WHEN MERRY HEARTS WERE GAY (p. 203).—Written by Hector Macneil to commemorate the death of Captain Stewart, a gallant officer (betrothed to a young lady in Athole) who fell at the battle of Saratoga in 1777. The tune is a fine old Gaelic air.

WHEN MAGGIE AND I WAS ACQUAINT (p. 204).—The words usually associated with “Tweedside” are those by Crawford, produced in Ramsay’s “Tea Table Miscellany;” but the original setting is supposed to be that by Lord Yester. We print both.

WHEN PHEBUS BRIGHT (p. 206).—Both the old ballad and its tune are supposed to be the composition of a Border Minstrel named Burn, who flourished early in the seventeenth century.

WITH BROKEN WORDS (p. 208).—A fragmentary form of this beautiful air is in the Skene MS. It is there called “To Dance about the Balzeis Dubb.” Ramsay wrote another setting, beside the one we publish, beginning “Speak on, speak thus, and still my grief.” This he introduced, as he did “Peggie, now the king’s come” and others, into his play, “The Gentle Shepherd.”

YOUNG PEGGIE BLOOMS OUR BONNIEST LASS (p. 211).—The tune has been erroneously attributed to Henry Purcell, but it is doubtless much older than his period.



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		Yon burn-side .. ..	202



# A Country Lass.

*Grazioso.* *mf*

Al-though I be but a

**PIANO.** *mf* *p*

coun-try lass, A lof-ty mind I bear, O, And think my-sell as good as these That

*p*

rich ap-pa - rel wear, O.

*mf* *p* *rit.* *D.C. al §*

Altho' my gown be hame-spun grey,  
My skin it is as soft, O,  
As them that sattin weeds do wear,  
And carry their heads aloft, O.

What tho' I keep my father's sheep,  
The thing that must be done, O;  
With garlands of the finest flowers,  
To shade me from the sun, O.

When they are feeding pleasantly  
Where grass and flowers do spring, O,  
Then on a flowery bank, at noon,  
I set me down and sing, O.

Altho' my parents cannot raise  
Great bags of shining gold, O;  
Like them whose daughters now-a-days,  
Like swine, are bought and sold, O.

Yet my fair body it shall keep  
An honest heart within, O,  
And for twice fifty thousand crowns  
I value not a pin, O.

If canny Fortune give to me  
The man I dearly love, O,  
Tho' we want gear, I dinna care,  
My hands I can improve, O.

Expecting for a blessing still,  
Descending from above, O;  
Then we'll embrace and sweetly kiss,  
Repeating tales of love, O.

# Adieu, Dundee!

CHARLES NEAVES.

Skene M.S.

*Poco Adagio.*

♩

A - dieu, Dun-dee! from  
2. Like yon, &c.

PIANO. *mf*

Ma - ry part - ed, Here nae mair my lot maun lie; Wha can

bear, when bro - ken - heart - ed, Scenes that speak of joys gane by?



A' things ance were sweet and smil-ing, In the light o' Ma - ry's

This system contains the first line of the song. The vocal melody is on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand treble staff and a left-hand bass staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

e'e; Fair - est seem - ing's maist be - guil - ing, Love, a - dieu! a -

This system contains the second line of the song. It includes musical markings: *rit.* (ritardando) and *dim.* (diminuendo) above the vocal staff, and *p* (piano) below the piano staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

- - dieu, Dun - dee!

This system contains the third line of the song. It includes musical markings: *mp* (mezzo-piano), *dim.* (diminuendo), and *p* (piano) below the piano staff, and *D.C. to S* (Da Capo to the Sign) above the piano staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Like yon water saftly gliding,  
 When the winds are laid to sleep;  
 Such my life, when I, confiding,  
 Gave to her my heart to keep!  
 Like yon water wildly rushing,  
 When the north wind stirs the sea:  
 Such the change my heart now crushing,—  
 Love adieu! adieu, Dundee!

# Ae Nicht i' the Gloaming.

Hogg.

Air, "Robin's awa'."

*Lento e con affetto.*

PIANO.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat major), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo/mood is marked 'Lento e con affetto.' The piano part begins with a series of chords and moving lines in the right and left hands, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The vocal line enters in the second system with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

*mf*

Ae nicht<sup>1</sup> i' the gloam-ing, As late I pass'd by, A

*p*

las - sie sang sweet as she milk - it her kye, And this was her sang, while the

tears down did fa',— "Oh, there's nae bard o' na - ture sin' Ro - bin's a - wa'. The

"hards o' our coun - try, now sing as they may, The best o' their dit - ties but

*rit.* *a tempo.*  
 "maks my heart wae; For at the blithe strain there was ane beat them a', Oh, there's

"nae bard o' na - ture sin' Ro - bin's a - wa!"

"'Twas he that could charm wi' the wauff o' his tongue.  
 Could rouse up the auld, and enliven the young,  
 An' cheer the blithe hearts in the cot and the ha',—  
 Oh, there's nae bard o' nature sin' Robin's awa'!  
 Nae sangster amang us has half o' his art,  
 There was nae fonder lover, an' nae kinder heart;  
 Then wae to the wight wha wad wince at a flaw,  
 To tarnish the honours of him that's awa'!"

"If he had some fauts, I could never them see,  
 They're nae to be sung by sic gilpics<sup>2</sup> as me,  
 He likit us weel, an' we likit him a',—  
 Oh, there's nae siccan callan<sup>3</sup> sin' Robin's awa'!  
 Whene'er I sing late at the milkin' my kye,  
 I look up to heaven, an' say with a sigh,  
 Although he's now gane, he was king o' them a',—  
 Ah! there's nae bard o' nature sin' Robin's awa'!"

· One evening.

<sup>2</sup> Hoydens.

<sup>3</sup> Such a lad.



# Alas! that I cam' o'er the Muir.

Old Melody.

*Andante.*

PIANO. *mf*

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major (two flats). It begins with a treble clef staff containing four whole rests. The piano accompaniment starts on the second staff with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The right hand melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady bass line with some chords. The tempo is marked 'Andante' and the dynamic is 'mf'.

A - las! that I cam' o'er the muir, An' left my love he

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff. The vocal line is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. The lyrics are 'A - las! that I cam' o'er the muir, An' left my love he'. The piano accompaniment follows the vocal line, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a bass line. The dynamic is 'p' (piano).

- hind..... me! My bon - nie love, ay true to me; But

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are '- hind..... me! My bon - nie love, ay true to me; But'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

true love could na bind..... me! I left my love, an'

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'true love could na bind..... me! I left my love, an''. The piano accompaniment continues with chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

far a - wa' I sought a rich - er dea - rie, Wha's

fause to me, an' now, a - las! I'm lane - ly, wae,..... an'

ee - rie.<sup>1</sup>

Oh, worldly gear!<sup>2</sup> how many vows,  
 How many hearts ye've broken!  
 The want o' you, the wish to hae,  
 Leave room for nae love-token!  
 Yon blythesome lark that 'boon<sup>3</sup> his nest  
 His hymn of love is singin',  
 Nae worldly thocht has he; the lift<sup>4</sup>  
 Is but wi' true love ringin'.

O had I but my true love ta'en,  
 My bonnie love, tho' puir;  
 This day I wadna sae lament  
 That I cam' o'er the muir!  
 I now maun dree<sup>5</sup> the rate of them  
 Wha'd sell their love for gain;  
 Maun tine<sup>6</sup> true love for dreams o' gowd,  
 An' live an' dee alane!

<sup>1</sup> Timorous, an' fichted<sup>2</sup> Wealth.<sup>3</sup> Above.<sup>4</sup> Firmament.<sup>5</sup> Suffer, endure.

Lose



# An thou wert mine ain thing.

RAMSAY.

*Lento.*

Air, "Mine ain thing."

**PIANO.**

*dolce.*

An thou wert mine ain thing, Oh, I would love thee, I would love thee;

*cres.* *sf* *mf*

An thou wert mine ain..... thing, How dear - ly would I love thee! Then

*Poco più moto, e cres. molto.*

I would clasp thee in..... my arms, Then I'd se - cure thee from all harms, A -

First system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic, followed by a crescendo (*f>*) and then a decrescendo (*dim.*). The lyrics are: "bove all o - thers thou hast charms, How dear - ly do I..... love thee." The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a forte (*f*) dynamic in the right hand and a piano (*p*) dynamic in the left hand.

Second system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with a *dolce.* marking. The lyrics are: "An thou wert mine ain thing, Oh, I would love thee, I would love thee;" The piano accompaniment features a piano (*p*) dynamic in the right hand and a piano (*p*) dynamic in the left hand.

Third system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with a *cres.* marking, followed by a *sf* dynamic. The lyrics are: "An thou wert mine ain..... thing, How dear - ly would I love thee!" The piano accompaniment features a *sf* dynamic in the right hand and a *sf* dynamic in the left hand.

Fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line ends with a *D.C. al §* marking. The piano accompaniment features a piano (*p*) dynamic in the right hand and a piano (*pp*) dynamic in the left hand.

Of race divine thou needs must be,  
Since nothing earthly equals thee;  
For heaven's sake, then, pity me,  
Who only lives to love thee!

An thou wert, &c.

The Powers one thing peculiar have,  
To ruin none whom they can save;  
Oh, for their sake support a slave,  
Who ever on shall love thee!

An thou wert, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,  
But that I love, and, for thy sake,  
What man can do, I'll undertake;  
So dearly do I love thee!

An thou wert, &c.

My passion, constant as the sun,  
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,  
'Till Fate my thread of life have spun,  
Which breathing out, I'll love thee!

An thou wert, &c.

# Accuse me not.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

Air, "She rose and let me in."

*Andantino.*

PIANO. *mp*

Ped. \*

*Con espressione agitato.*

*mp*

Ac - cuse me not, in - con - stant fair, Of be - ing false to thee;..... For  
The fair - est flow'r in Na - ture's field Con - ceals the rank - ling thorn;..... So

I was true, would still been so, Had'st thou been true to me. But  
thou, sweet flow'r! as false as fair, This once kind heart hast torn. 'Twas

when I knew thy plight - ed lips Once to a ri - val's prest;..... Love smo - ther'd, in - de -  
mine to prove the fell - est pangs, That slightest love can feel;..... 'Tis thine to weep that

pen - dence rose, And spurn'd thee from my breast.  
one rash act, Which bids this long fare - well.

*mf* *p*



# A Rosebud by my early Walk.

BURNS.

Air, "The Shepherd's Wife."

*Affettuoso.* *mf*

PIANO. *mf* *p*

rose-bud, by my ear-ly walk a - down a corn-in - closed bawk,<sup>1</sup> Sae gent-ly bent its thorn-y stalk, All

on a dew-y morn - ing, Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled, In a' its crimson glo-ry spread, And

droop-ing rich the dew-y head, it scents the ear - ly morn - ing.

Within the bush, her covert nest,  
A little linnet fondly prest,  
The dew sat chilly on her breast  
Sae early in the morning.  
She soon shall see her tender brood,  
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,  
Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,  
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeanie fair!  
On trembling string, or vocal air.  
Shall sweetly pay the tender care  
That tends thy early morning.  
So thou, sweet rosebud, young and gay,  
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,  
And bless the parent's evening ray  
That watch'd thy early morning.

<sup>1</sup> A strip of land left unploughed.

# Argyle is my Name.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL.

Air, "Bannocks of Barley Meal."

*Allegretto con spirito.*

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in G major, 6/8 time, and 3/4 common time. It begins with a treble clef staff containing a whole rest, followed by a bass clef staff with a series of chords. The tempo is marked *Allegretto con spirito*. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *ff* (fortissimo).

- - gyle is my name, and you may think it strange To live at a court, yet

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 6/8 time, and 3/4 common time. The piano accompaniment is in G major, 6/8 time, and 3/4 common time. The tempo is marked *Allegretto con spirito*. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte).

nev - er to change: To fac - tion, or ty - ran - ny, e - qual - ly foe; The

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 6/8 time, and 3/4 common time. The piano accompaniment is in G major, 6/8 time, and 3/4 common time. The tempo is marked *Allegretto con spirito*.

good of the land's the sole mo - tive I know. The foes of my coun - try and

The third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 6/8 time, and 3/4 common time. The piano accompaniment is in G major, 6/8 time, and 3/4 common time. The tempo is marked *Allegretto con spirito*.



king I have fac'd; In ci - ty or bat - tle I ne'er was dis - grac'd: I've

*rit. ad lib.* done what I could for my coun - try's weal; Now I'll feast up - on ban-nocks o' *a tempo.*

*rit. colla voce.* *a tempo.*

bar - - ley meal.

*f*  
8va.....

Ye riots and revels of London, adieu !  
 And Folly, ye foplings, I leave her to you !  
 For Scotland I mingled in bustle and strife—  
 For myself I seek peace and an innocent life  
 I'll haste to the Highlands, and visit each scene  
 With Maggie, my love, in her rocklay<sup>1</sup> o' green ;  
 On the banks o' Glenarary what pleasure I'll feel,  
 While she shares my bannock o' barley-meal !

And if it chance Maggie should bring me a son,  
 He shall fight for his king as his father hath done ;  
 I'll hang up my sword with an old soldier's pride—  
 Oh, may he be worthy to wear't on his side !  
 I pant for the breeze of my loved native place,  
 I long for the smile of each welcoming face—  
 I'll off to the Highlands as fast's I can reel,  
 And feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

<sup>1</sup> A short cloak.

## A Southland Jenny.

Old Balaad.

Popular Ayrshire Song.

*Allegretto.*

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady bass accompaniment. Dynamics include *f* (forte), *dim.* (diminuendo), *cres.* (crescendo), and *p* (piano). A fermata is placed over the final chord of the introduction.

The first system of the song. The vocal melody is in 4/4 time, with lyrics: "South - land Jen - ny that was..... right bon - nie, She had for a suit - or A blinks o' her beau - ty and hopes o' her sil - ler, Forc'd him at last..... to". The piano accompaniment is in 4/4 time, with a steady bass line and chords in the right hand.

The second system of the song. The vocal melody continues with lyrics: "Nor - lan' John-nie; But he was sic - can , a bash - fu' woo - er, That he could scarce - ly tell his mind till her: "My dear," quo' he, "we'll nae long - er tar - ry, Gin ye can love me, let's". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line and chords in the right hand.

The third system of the song. The vocal melody continues with lyrics: "speak un - to her. o'er the muir and mar - ry." followed by a repeat sign and the word "But". The piano accompaniment includes a first ending and a second ending. Dynamics include *cres.* (crescendo) and *f* (forte).

## At Polwart on the Green.

RAMSAY.

Air, "Polwart on the Greer"

*Allegretto con moto.*

PIANO.

*f*

At Pol - wart on the green, If you'll meet me the morn, Where las - sies do con -  
 Let dor - ty<sup>1</sup> dames say, na, As long as e'er they please, Seem caul - der than the

*mp leggiero.*

- vene,..... To dance a - bout the thorn; A kind - ly wel - come you shall meet Frae  
 snow,..... While in - ward - ly they bleese:<sup>2</sup> But I will grave - ly show my mind, And

her wha likes to view A lov - er and a lad com - plete, The lad and lov - er you.  
 yield my heart to thee: Be ev - er to the cap - tive kind, That longs na to be free.

*f*

<sup>1</sup> Saucy, Malapert.<sup>2</sup> Blaze.



# At Willie's Wedding on the Green.

(JENNY DANG THE WEAVER.)

SIR ALEX. BOSWELL.

Rev. Mr. GARDNER of Birse, Aberdeenshire

**PIANO.**

*Allegro con molto spirito.*

*f*

At Wil-lie's wed-ding on the green, The las-sies, bon-nie witch - es, Were

*mf*

a' dress'd out in a - prons clean, And braw white Sun - day mut - ches;<sup>1</sup> Auld

Mag - gie bade the lads take tent,<sup>2</sup> But Jock would not be - lieve her; But

soon the fool his fol - ly kent, For Jen - nie dang the wea - ver, And

Jen-nie dang, Jen-nie dang, Jen-nie dang the wea - ver; But soon the fool his fol - ly kent, For

Jen - nie dang the wea - ver!

At ilka country dance or reel,  
 Wi' her he would be bobbin';  
 When she sat down—he sat down,  
 And to her would be gabbin';  
 Where'er she gaed, baith but and ben,<sup>3</sup>  
 The coof<sup>4</sup> would never leave her;  
 Aye kecklin' like a clockin' hen,  
 But Jennie dang the weaver.

And Jennie dang, Jennie dang,  
 Jennie dang the weaver;  
 Aye kecklin' like a clockin' hen,  
 But Jennie dang the weaver.

Quo' he, "My lass, to speak my mind,  
 In troth I need na swither;  
 You've bonnie een, and if you're kind,  
 I'll never seek another."  
 He humm'd and haw'd, the lass cried, "Peugh!"  
 And bade the coof no deave her;<sup>5</sup>  
 Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,<sup>6</sup>  
 And dang the silly weaver.

And Jennie dang, Jennie dang,  
 Jennie dang the weaver;  
 Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,  
 And dang the silly weaver.

<sup>1</sup> Head-dress for females.

<sup>2</sup> To take care or be on one's guard.

<sup>3</sup> Outer and inner apartments of a house: more properly in a two-roomed house, the kitchen and parlour.

<sup>4</sup> Simpleton.

<sup>5</sup> Deafen

<sup>6</sup> Leaped and laughed.

# Auld King Coul.

Ancient.

*Con anima e marcato.*

Ancient.

PIANO. *f*

*f*

Our auld King Coul was a jol - ly auld soul, And a

FINE. *mf*

jol - ly auld soul was he; Our auld King Coul fill'd a

*f*

jol - ly brown bowl, And he ca'd for his fid - dlers three.



*Repeated according to requirements of each verse.*

"Fi - dell - di - dell, fi - dell - di - dell," quo' the fid-dlers three, "There's no a lass in

a' Scot - land, like our sweet Mar - jo - rie!"

Our auld King Coul was a jolly auld soul,  
 And a jolly auld soul was he.  
 Our auld King Coul filled a jolly brown bowl,  
 And he ca'd for his pipers three.  
 "Fidell didell, fidell didell; Ha didell, ho didell;" quo' the pipers three,  
 "There's no a lass in a' Scotland, like our sweet Marjorie!"

Our auld King Coul was a jolly auld soul,  
 And a jolly auld soul was he.  
 Our auld King Coul filled a jolly brown bowl,  
 And he ca'd for his harpers three.  
 "Fidell didell, fidell didell; Ha didell, ho didell; Twingle twangle, twingle twangle;" quo' the harpers three,  
 "There's no a lass in a' Scotland, like our sweet Marjorie!"

Our auld King Coul was a jolly auld soul,  
 And a jolly auld soul was he.  
 Our auld King Coul filled a jolly brown bowl,  
 And he ca'd for his trumpeters three.  
 "Fidell didell, fidell didell; Ha didell, ho didell; Twingle twangle, twingle twangle; Twararang. twararang;"  
 quo' the trump'ters three,  
 "There's no a lass in a' Scotland, like our sweet Marjorie!"

Our auld King Coul was a jolly auld soul,  
 And a jolly auld soul was he.  
 Our auld King Coul filled a jolly brown bowl,  
 And he ca'd for his drummers three.  
 "Fidell didell, fidell didell; Ha didell, ho didell; Twingle twangle, twingle twangle; Twararang, twararang;  
 Rub a dub, rub a dub;" quo' the drummers three,  
 "There's no a lass in a' Scotland, like our sweet Marjorie!"

# Away, ye gay Landscapes.

LORD BYRON.

Air, "Lochnagar."

*Sostenuto.*

PIANO. *f*

A - way, ye gay land-scapes, ye gar - dens of ro - ses! In you let the min - ions of

*p*

lux - u - ry rove; Re - store me the rocks where the snow - flake re - po - ses, Tho'

still they are sa - cred to free - dom and love, Yet, Ca - le - do - nia, be -

*f* *mf*

- lov'd are thy moun - tains, Round their white sum - mits tho' el - e - ments roar, Tho'

R.H.

ca - ta - racts foam 'stead of smooth-flow-ing foun-tains, I sigh for the val-ley of dark Loch na Garr.

*sf* *dim.* *p* *colla voce.*

*ad lib.*

*f*

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd;  
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;\*  
On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,  
As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade;  
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory  
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;  
For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,  
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

"Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices  
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?"  
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,  
And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland vale.  
Round Loch na Garr while the stormy mist gathers,  
Winter presides in his cold icy car:  
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers;  
They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr.

"Ill-starred, though brave, did no visions foreboding  
Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause?"  
Ah! were you destined to die at Culloden,  
Victory crown'd not your fall with applause:  
Still were you happy in death's earthy slumber,  
You rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar,  
The pibroch resounds to the piper's loud number,  
Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch na Garr.

Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr, since I left you,  
Years must elapse ere I tread you again:  
Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,  
Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.  
England! thy beauties are tame and domestic  
To one who has roved o'er the mountains afar:  
Oh for the crags that are wild and majestic!  
The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr!

\* This word is erroneously pronounced *plad*: the proper pronunciation (according to the Scotch) is shown by the orthography.



# Baloo, my Boy.

(LADY ANN BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.)

17th Century.

17th Century.

*Lento e soave.*

PIANO.

*p dolce.*

Ba - loo, my boy, lie still and sleep, It grieves me sore to hear thee

weep; If thou'lt be si - - lent I'll be glad, Thy moan - ing

makes my heart full sad..... Ba - loo, my boy, thy mo - ther's

joy, Thy fa - ther bred me great an - noy, Ba - loo, ba -

- loo, ba - loo, ba - loo, Ba - loo, ba - loo..... lu - lil - li -

- - lu.....

*mp dolce.*

*p*

O'er thee I keep my lonely watch,  
 Intent thy lightest breath to catch,  
 Or, when thou wak'st, to see thee smile—  
 And thus my sorrow to beguile.  
 Baloo, my boy, thy mother's joy.  
 Thy father bred me great annoy;  
 Baloo, my boy, lie still and sleep,  
 It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.

Twelve weary months have crept away  
 Since he, upon thy natal day,  
 Left thee and me, to seek afar  
 A bloody fate in doubtful war.  
 Baloo, my boy, lie still and sleep,  
 It grieves me sore to hear thee weep;  
 If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,  
 Thy moaning makes my heart full sad.

I dream'd a dream but yesternight :—  
 Thy father slain in foreign fight;  
 He, wounded, stood beside thy bed—  
 His blood ran down upon thy head;  
 He spoke no word, but looked on me—  
 Bent low, and gave a kiss to thee!  
 Baloo, baloo, my darling boy,  
 Thou'rt now alone thy mother's joy.

# Bannocks o' Bearmeal.

BURNS.

Air, "The Killogie."

*Risoluto.*

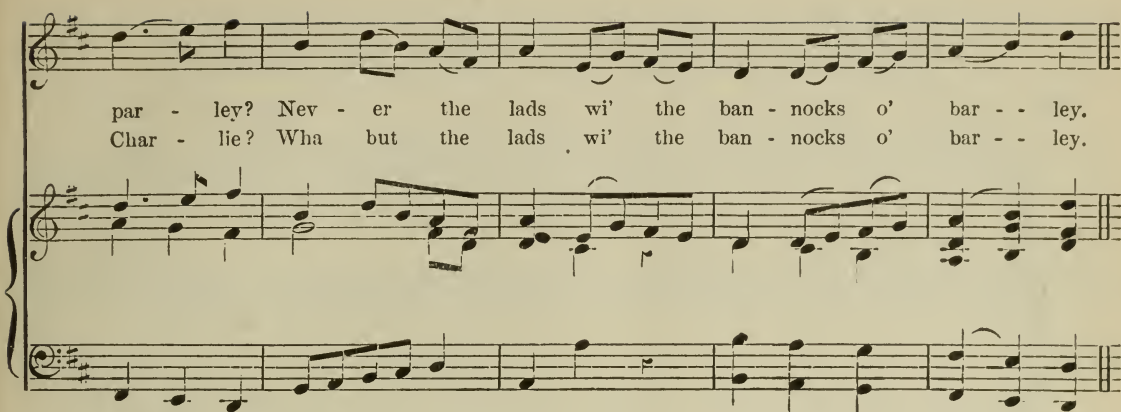
**PIANO.** *f*

Ban - nocks<sup>1</sup> o'

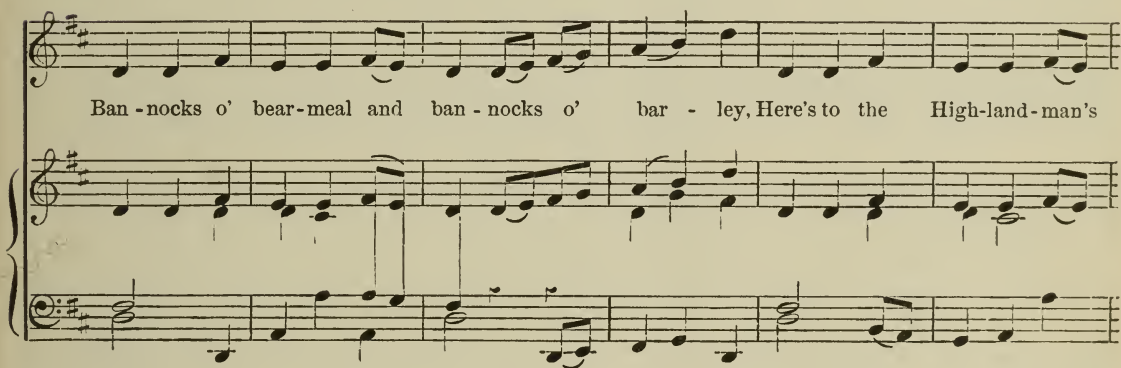
bear<sup>2</sup>-meal, and ban - nocks o' bar - ley; Here's to the High-land - man's

ban - nocks o' bar - ley. Wha in a brul - zie<sup>3</sup> will first cry a  
Wha in his wae<sup>4</sup> days were loy - al to



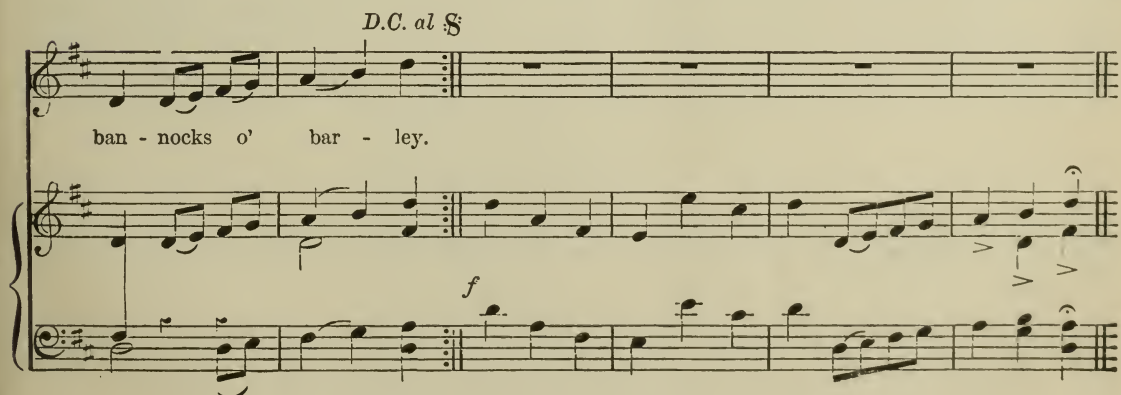


par - ley? Nev - er the lads wi' the ban - nocks o' bar - - ley.  
 Char - lie? Wha but the lads wi' the ban - nocks o' bar - - ley.



Ban - nocks o' bear-meal and ban - nocks o' bar - ley, Here's to the High-land-man's

*D.C. al §*



ban - nocks o' bar - ley.

<sup>1</sup> Bread, larger than cakes.<sup>2</sup> Bere—barley-meal.<sup>3</sup> Broil.<sup>4</sup> Woful.

## Behold, my Love, how Green the Groves.

BURNS.

Air, "Doun the burn, Davie."

*Andante espressivo.*

PIANO.

*dolce.*

Be - hold, my love, how green the groves, The

prim - rose banks how fair;..... The balm - y gales a -

- wake the flow'rs, And wave thy flax - en hair.....

The lave - rock shuns the pa - lace gay, And o'er the cot - tage

*tr*

sings; ..... For na - ture smiles as sweet, I..... ween, To

shep - herds as to kings.....

*mf*

Let skilful minstrels sweep the string  
 In lordly lighted ha',  
 The shepherd stops his simple reed  
 Blithe in the birken shaw.<sup>1</sup>  
 The princely revel may survey  
 Our rustic dance wi' scorn;  
 But are their hearts as light as ours  
 Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd in the flow'ry glen  
 In hamely phrase will woo;  
 The courtier tells a finer tale—  
 But is his heart as true?  
 These wild wood-flowers I've pu'd to deck  
 That spotless breast o' thine;  
 The courtier's gems may witness love—  
 But 'tis na love like mine.

<sup>1</sup> ▲ piece of flat ground at the bottom of a hill covered with short scraggy birches.



# Beneath a green Shade.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK, D.D.

Air, "The Braes o' Ballendyne."

*Andante espressivo.*

PIANO. *mf*

- neath a green shade a love - ly young swain One ev' - ning re -

- clin'd, to dis - cov - er his pain. So sad,..... yet so sweet - ly, he

war - bled his..... woe! The wind ceas'd to breathe, and the foun - tains to

flow: Rude winds, with com - pas - sion, could hear him com -

- plain; Yet Chlo - e, less gen - tle, was deaf to his

strain.

How happy, he cried, my moments once flew,  
 Ere Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view !  
 Those eyes then with pleasure the dawn could survey ;  
 Nor smil'd the fair morning more cheerful than they.  
 Now scenes of distress please only my sight ;  
 I'm tortured in pleasure, and languish in light.

Through changes in vain relief I pursue,  
 All, all but conspire my griefs to renew ;  
 From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair—  
 To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air.  
 But love's ardent fever burns always the same,  
 No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But see the pale moon, all clouded, retires ;  
 The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires :  
 I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,  
 Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind.  
 Ah, wretch ! how can life thus merit thy care ?  
 Since lengthening its moments but lengthens despair.

# Bessie Bell and Mary Gray.

RAMSAY (except 1st Stanza).

Old Air.

*Adagio con espress.*

PIANO.

*mf*

The piano introduction for the first system is written in G minor, 6/8 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The dynamic marking is *mf* (mezzo-forte).

The second system of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Oh, Bes-sie Bell and Ma-ry Gray, They were twa bon-nie las-ses! They". The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment of chords and single notes. The dynamic marking is *p* (piano).

The third system of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "big-git<sup>1</sup> a bow-er on yon burn-brae, And theek-it<sup>2</sup> it o-ver wi' rash-es." The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment of chords and single notes.

The fourth system of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Fair Bes-sie Bell I lo'ed yes-treen, And thoct I ne'er could al-ter; But". The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment of chords and single notes.

The fifth system of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Ma-ry Gray's twa' pawk-ie een Gar'd a' my fan-cy fal-ter! Oh,". The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment of chords and single notes.



Bes - sie Bell..... and Ma - ry Gray, They were twa bon - nie

las - ses! They big - git a bow - er on yon..... burn-brae, And

theek - it it o - wer wi' rash - es.

Bessie's hair's like a lint-tap,  
 She smiles like a May mornin',  
 When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,  
 The hill's wi' rays adornin';  
 White is her neck, soft is her hand.  
 Her waist and feet fu' genty,  
 Wi' ilka grace she can command:  
 Her lips, O vow! they're dainty.  
 Oh, Bessie Bell, &c.

Mary's locks are like the crow,  
 Her een like diamond's glances;  
 She's aye sae clean, redd-up, and braw;  
 She kills whene'er she dances.  
 Blythe as a kid, wi' wit at will,  
 She blooming, tight, and tall is,  
 And guides her airs sae gracefu' still;  
 O Jove, she's like thy Pallas!  
 Oh, Bessie Bell, &c.

Young Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,  
 Ye unco' sair oppress us;  
 Our fancies jee between ye twa.  
 Ye are sic bonnie lasses.  
 Wae's me! for baith I canna get:  
 To ane by law we're stinted;  
 Then I'll draw cuts, and tak' my fate,  
 And be wi' ane contented.  
 Oh, Bessie Bell, &c.

## Bird of the Wilderness.

Hogg.

(THE SKYLARK.)

M. B. F.

*Andante gioioso.*

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 6/8 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The first vocal entry is marked *mf* and begins with the lyrics: "Bird of the wil-derness, Blithesome and cum-ber-less, Sweet be thy mat-ins o'er moorland and lea!". The piano accompaniment is marked *mp* and continues the melodic and harmonic themes from the introduction.

The second vocal entry is marked *ten.* and begins with the lyrics: "Em-blem of hap-pi-ness, Blest be thy dwell-ing-place, Oh! to a-bide in the de-sert with thee!". The piano accompaniment is marked *colla voce.* and continues the melodic and harmonic themes.

The third vocal entry is marked *f* and begins with the lyrics: "Wild is thy lay and loud, Far in the down-y cloud, Love gives it en-er-gy, Love gave it birth! Oh!". The piano accompaniment is marked *mf* and continues the melodic and harmonic themes.

The fourth vocal entry is marked *f* and begins with the lyrics: "where, on thy dew-y wing, Where art thou journeying? Thy lay's in heav'n, Thy love is on earth!". The piano accompaniment is marked *f* and continues the melodic and harmonic themes.

*mf dolce.*

Bird of the wil - der-ness, Blythesome and cum - ber-less, Sweet be thy mat - ins o'er

*mp*

*cres.*

moor - land and lea! Em - blem of hap - pi - ness, Blest be thy dwell - ing-place,

*cres.*

*rit.*

Oh! to a - bide in the de - sert with thee.

*rit.* *tr* *mf* *p*

O'er fell and fountain sheen,  
 O'er moor and mountain green,  
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,  
 Over the cloudlet dim,  
 Over the rainbow's rim,  
 Musical cherub, soar, singing away!  
 Then when the gleaming comes,  
 Then when the heather blooms,  
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be.  
 Oh! Emblem of happiness,  
 Blest be thy dwelling-place,  
 Oh! to abide in the desert with thee!

**Refrain**—Bird of the wilderness,  
 Blithesome and cumberless,  
 Sweet be thy matins o'er moorland and lea!  
 Emblem of happiness,  
 Blest be thy dwelling-place.  
 Oh! to abide in the desert with thee!



## Bonnie Bessie Lee.

R. NICOLL.

Old Air.

*Allegretto.*

PIANO.

Bon - nie Bes - sie Lee had a face fu' o' smiles, And mirth round her ripe lips was

aye danc-ing slee, And light was the foot - fa', and win - some the wiles O' the

flow'r o' the pa - ro-chin, our ain Bes - sie Lee. Wi' the bairns she wad rin and the

school lad - dies paik,<sup>1</sup> And o'er the broom-y braes, like a fai - ry wad flee, Till

auld hearts grew young a-gain wi' love for her sake—There was life in the blithe blink o'

*legato.*

Bon - nie Bes-sie Lee, Our ain Bes-sie Lee, Our Bon - nie Bes - sie Lee, There was

life in the blithe blink o' Bon - nie Bes-sie Lee.

*f* *dim.*

She grat<sup>2</sup> wi' the waeful, and laughed wi' the glad,  
 And light as the wind 'mang the dancers was she,  
 And a tongue that could jeer, too, the little lassie had,  
 Whilk keep'd aye her ain side for Bonnie Bessie Lee.  
 And she whiles had a sweetheart and whiles she had  
 twa,  
 A glaikit<sup>3</sup> bit lassie, but atween you and me  
 Her warm wee bit heartie she ne'er threw awa',  
 Tho' many ane had sought it frae Bonnie Bessie Lee.  
 Our ain Bessie Lee, &c.

But ten years had gone since I gazed on her last,  
 For ten years had parted my old hame and me;  
 And I said to mysel', as her mither's door I pass'd,  
 "Will I ever get anither kiss frae Bonnie Bessie  
 Lee?"  
 But time changes a' things, the ill-natured loon,  
 Were it ever sae lightly, he'll no let it be;  
 But I rubbit at my een and I thought I would swoon.  
 How the Carle<sup>4</sup> had come round about our Bonnie  
 Bessie Lee.

Our ain Bessie Lee, &c.

The wee laughing lassie was a gude wife growing auld,  
 Twa weans<sup>5</sup> at her apron, and ane on her knee;  
 She was douce,<sup>6</sup> too, and wiselike, and wisdom's sae  
 cauld,  
 I would rather had the ither ane than *this* Bessie  
 Lee.  
 Bonnie Bessie Lee had a face fu' o' smiles,  
 And mirth round her ripe lips was aye dancing  
 slee,  
 And light was the foot-fa', and winsome the wiles  
 O' the flower o' the parochin, our ain Bessie Lee.  
 Our ain Bessie Lee, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Beat.

<sup>2</sup> Wept.

<sup>3</sup> Foolish.

<sup>4</sup> Old man.

<sup>5</sup> Young childrer

<sup>6</sup> Prudent.

## Bonny Bessy.

RAMEAY.

Air, "Bessey's Haggies."

*Allegretto.*

PIANO.

*mf* *rit.*

Bes - sy's beau - ties shine..... sae bright, Were her mo - ny

*a tempo.*

*p*

vir - tues few - er, She would ev - er..... gie..... de - light,.....

And in..... trans - port make me view her. Bon - ny Bes - sy,....

*cres.*

*p* *cres.*



thee a - lane Love I, nae - thing else a - bout thee;

*f rit.* With thy come - li - ness..... I'm taen, *tempo agitato.* And lang - er can - not  
*rit.* *mp colla voce.*

live..... with - out thee.

Bessy's bosom's fast and warm,  
Milk-white fingers still employed.  
He who taks her to his arm  
Of her sweets can ne'er be cloyed.  
My dear Bessy, when the roses  
Leave thy cheek as thou grow aulder,  
Virtue, which thy mind discloses,  
Will keep love from growing caulder.

Bessy's tocher is but scanty,  
Yet her face and soul discovers  
Those enchanting sweets in plenty  
Maun entice a thousand lovers;  
'Tis not money, but a woman  
Of a temper kind and easy,  
That gives happiness uncommon;  
Petted things can nought but teaze ye.

# Bonnie Lizzie Baillie.

Old Ballad (published by Herd, 1776).

*Andante tranquillo.*

PIANO. *mf*

My bon - nie Liz - zie Bail - lie, I'll

row<sup>1</sup> ye in my plaid - ie; And ye maungang a - wa wi' me, And be a High - land

la - dy, My bon - nie Liz - zie Bail - lie.

"I'm sure they wouldna ca me wise,  
Gin I would gang wi' you, sir,  
For I can neither card nor spin,  
Nor yet milk ewe or cow, sir,"  
Said Bonnie Lizzie Baillie.

"My Bonnie Lizzie Baillie,  
Let nane o' these things daunt<sup>2</sup> ye;  
Ye'll hae nae need to card or spin,  
Your mither weel can want<sup>3</sup> ye,  
My Bonnie Lizzie Baillie."

<sup>1</sup> Wad.

<sup>2</sup> Alarm.

Now she's cast off her bonnie shoon,  
Made o' the gilded leather,  
And she's put on her Highland brogues,  
To skip amang the heather,  
Has Bonnie Lizzie Baillie.

She wadna hae a Lawland laird,  
Nor be an English lady;  
But she wad gang wi' Duncan Graham,  
And row her in his plaidie,  
Wad Bonnie Lizzie Baillie.

<sup>3</sup> Do without.

## Cock up your Beaver.

BURNS.

Air, "Cock up your Beaver.\*"

*Slowish*

PIANO.

*f*

When first my brave John - nie lad came to this town, He  
Then cock up your bea - ver and cock it fu' sprush, We'll

*mf*

Ped. \*

had a blue bon - net that want - ed the crown, But now he has got - ten a  
ov - er the bor - der and gie' them a brush; There's some - bo - dy there we'll teach

hat and a fea - ther; Hey, brave John - nie lad, cock up your bea - ver!  
bet - ter be - ha - viour; Hey, brave John - nie lad, cock up your bea ver!

hat and a fea - ther; Hey, brave John - nie lad, cock up your bea - ver!  
bet - ter be - ha - viour; Hey, brave John - nie lad, cock up your bea ver!

Ped. \*



## Come Boat me o'er.

BURNS.

Air, "O'er the water to Charlie."

*Allegretto.*

PIANO.

*f* *mp* *f*

*mf*

Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er, Come

boat me o'er to Char - lie; I'll gie John Ross a - ni-ther baw-bee To

fer-ry me o'er to Char - lie. It's weel I lo'e my Char - lie's name, Tho'  
I swear by moon and stars sae bricht, And the

some there be ab - hor him, But oh, to see Auld Nick gaun hame, And Char-lie's faes be -  
sun that glan-ces ear - ly, If I had twen - ty thou - sand lives, I'd give them a' for

- fore him. } We'll o'er the wa - ter, we'll o'er the sea, We'll o'er the wa - ter to  
Char - lie.

Char - lie; Come weal, come woe, we'll ga - ther and go, And live or die with

Char - lie!

## Despairing Mary.

TANNAHILL,

JOHN WILSON.

*Andante.*

PIANO.

Ma - ry, why thus waste thy youth - time in sor - row?

See a' a-round ye the flow-ers sweet-ly blaw; Blithe sets the sun o'er the

wild cliffs o' Ju - ra, Blithe sings the ma - vis in il - ka green shaw.



How can this heart ev-er mair think o' plea-sure? Sum-mer may smile but de-

- light I hae nane; Cauld in his grave, he's my heart's on-ly trea-sure,

Na-ture seems dead since my Ja-mie is gane.

Sweet were our meetings o' tender endearment,  
 But fled are these joys like a fleet passing dream.  
 Sighing for him, I lie down in the e'ning,  
 Sighing for him, I awake in the morn.  
 Spent are my days a' in secret repining,  
 Peace to this bosom can never return.  
 Cauld in his grave, &c.

## Donald.

*Andante con espressione.*

PIANO.

*dolce.**f*

When first you court - ed me, I own I

*p*

fond - ly fa - vour'd you ; Ap - pa - rent worth and

high re - nown Made me be - lieve you true,..... Do - nald ;

Each vir-tue then seem'd to a - dorn The man es - teem'd..... by

*dolce.*

This system contains the first line of music. The vocal line is in G minor, 3/4 time, with a melody that is mostly eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, featuring a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. The tempo/mood marking 'dolce.' is placed below the piano part.

me;..... But,..... now the..... mask's thrown off, I..... scorn To

*f* *dim.*

This system contains the second line of music. The vocal line continues with a triplet of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand. The tempo/mood marking 'f' (forte) is placed above the vocal line, and 'dim.' (diminuendo) is placed above the piano part.

waste one thought on thee,..... Do-nald !

*colla voce.* *p* *mp* *pp*

This system contains the third line of music. The vocal line ends with a triplet of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand. The tempo/mood marking 'colla voce.' is placed above the piano part, and 'p' (piano), 'mp' (mezzo-piano), and 'pp' (pianissimo) are placed above the piano part.

O, then for ever haste away—  
 Away from love and me;  
 Go, seek a heart that's like your own,  
 And come no more to me, Donald.  
 For I'll reserve myself alone  
 For one that's more like me;  
 If such a one I cannot find,  
 I fly from love and thee, Donald !



SIR W. SCOTT.

## Donald Caird's come again!

Air of the 18th Century.

*Allegretto.*

*mf*

Donald Caird's! come a-gain!

Do-nald Caird's come a-gain! Tell the news in brugh and glen, Do-nald Caird's come a-gain! Do-nald Caird can hit and sing,

Blythely dance the Highland fling; Drink till the guidman be blind, Fleece<sup>3</sup> till the guidwife be kind; Hoop a leg-lin,<sup>4</sup> clout a pan, Or

crack a pow wi' on-y man; Tell the news in brugh and glen, Do-nald Caird's come a-gain!

Donald Caird's come again!  
 Donald Caird's come again!  
 Gar the bagpipes hum amain,  
 Donald Caird's come again!  
 Donald Caird can wire a maukin,<sup>6</sup>  
 Kens the wiles o' dunder staukin';  
 Leisters kipper,<sup>8</sup> makes a shift  
 To shoot a muir-fowl i' the drift:  
 Water-bailifs, rangers, keepers,  
 He can wauk when they are sleepers;  
 Not for bountith, or reward,  
 Daur they mell wi' Donald Caird.

Donald Caird's come again!  
 Donald Caird's come again!  
 Tell the news in brugh and glen,  
 Donald Caird's come again!  
 Donald Caird can drink a gill,  
 Fast as hostler-wife can fill;  
 Ilka ane that sells gude liquor,  
 Kens how Donald bends a bicker<sup>7</sup>;  
 When he's fou, he's stout and saucy,  
 Keeps the cantle o' the causey<sup>9</sup>;  
 Highland chief and Lawland laird  
 Maun gi'e room to Donald Caird.

Donald Caird's come again!  
 Donald Caird's come again!  
 Dinna let the shirra ken  
 Donald Caird's come again!  
 Steek the aumrie,<sup>5</sup> lock the kist,  
 Else some gear may weel be mist;  
 Donald Caird finds orra things  
 Where Allan Gregor faud the tings:  
 Dunts o' kebbuck,<sup>10</sup> tait's o' woo',  
 Whiles a hen and whiles a sow,  
 Webs or duds frae hedge or yard—  
 Ware the wuddie,<sup>11</sup> Donald Caird

Donald Caird's come again!  
 Donald Caird's come again!  
 Dinna let the justice ken  
 Donald Caird's come again!  
 On Donald Caird the doom was stern,  
 Craig to tether,<sup>12</sup> legs to airn:<sup>13</sup>  
 But Donald Caird, wi' muckle study,  
 Caught the gift to cheat the wuddie,  
 Rings o' airn, and bolts o' steel,  
 Fell like ice frae hand and heel!  
 Watch the sheep in fauld and glen,  
 Donald Caird's loose again!

<sup>1</sup> Caird or Ceard, Tinker.<sup>2</sup> Burgh.<sup>3</sup> Flatter.<sup>4</sup> A milk-pail.<sup>5</sup> Snare a hare.<sup>6</sup> Spear salmon with a three-pronged weapon.<sup>7</sup> Drinks lustily.<sup>8</sup> Middle of the roadway.<sup>9</sup> Shut the pantry<sup>10</sup> Large piece of cheese.<sup>11</sup> Beware of the gallows.<sup>12</sup> Throat to the halter.<sup>13</sup> Legs to fetters.

Old Words.

## Drap o' Capie, O!

Old Air.

*Allegretto.*

PIANO *f* *mp*

There liv'd a wife in our gate end, She

lov'd a drap o' ca-pie,<sup>1</sup> O, And a' the gear<sup>2</sup> that e'er she gat, She slipt it in her ga-bie,<sup>3</sup> O. Up -

*rit. ad lib.* *a tempo.*

- on a fros-ty winter's night The wife had got a dra-pie, O, And she had pi'd her coats sae weel, She

*rit. colla voce.* *a tempo.*

could na' find the pa-tie, O.

Tamie, her husband, ducks his drunkard wife, wrapt up in a sack, into the mill-lan.

Now all ye men baith fair and near,  
That have a drunken tutie,<sup>4</sup> O,  
Duck you your wives in time of year,  
And I'll lend you the pockie,<sup>5</sup> O.  
The wife did live for nineteen years,  
And was fu' frank and cuthie,<sup>6</sup> O  
And ever since she got the duck  
She never had the drouthie,<sup>7</sup> O.

At last the carling<sup>8</sup> chanced to die,  
And Tamie did her bury, O;  
And for the publick benefit  
He has gar'd<sup>9</sup> print the curie,<sup>10</sup> O.  
And this he did her motto make—  
"Here lies an honest cuckie,<sup>11</sup> O,  
Who never left the drinking trade  
Until she got a duckie, O."

<sup>1</sup> Drink. <sup>2</sup> Riches; goods of any kind. <sup>3</sup> Mouth. <sup>4</sup> Tippler. <sup>5</sup> Sack. <sup>6</sup> Loving. <sup>7</sup> Thirst.  
<sup>8</sup> Old woman. <sup>9</sup> Felt constrained to. <sup>10</sup> Warning. <sup>11</sup> Old woman; granny.



# Draw the Sword, Scotland!

J. R. PLANCHE.

*Lively.*

PIANO.

*f*

Draw the sword, Scot-land! Scotland! Scotland! O-ver moor and mountain hath pass'd the fie-ry sign; The

*p*

pi - broch is peal - ing! peal - ing! peal - ing! Who heeds not the sum-mons is

*f*

nae son o' thine. The clans they are gath'-ring!

*f* *p*



# DRAW THE SWORD, SCOTLAND!

gath - 'ring! gath - 'ring! The clans they are gath - 'ring by loch and by lea; The

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are 'gath - 'ring! gath - 'ring! The clans they are gath - 'ring by loch and by lea; The'. A forte (f) dynamic marking is present in the piano part.

ban - ners they are fly - ing! fly - ing! fly - ing! The ban - ners they are fly - ing that

The second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics 'ban - ners they are fly - ing! fly - ing! fly - ing! The ban - ners they are fly - ing that'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support. A forte (f) dynamic marking is present in the piano part.

lead to vic - to - ry! Draw the sword, Scot - land! Scot - land! Scot - land!

The third system of the musical score. The vocal melody has the lyrics 'lead to vic - to - ry! Draw the sword, Scot - land! Scot - land! Scot - land!'. The piano accompaniment features a piano (p) dynamic marking.

Charge as ye have charg'd in the days lang syne; Sound to the on - set, the

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics 'Charge as ye have charg'd in the days lang syne; Sound to the on - set, the'. The piano accompaniment includes a forte (f) dynamic marking.

on - set, the on - set, He who but fal - ters is the son o' thine.

The fifth and final system of the musical score. The vocal melody concludes with the lyrics 'on - set, the on - set, He who but fal - ters is the son o' thine.' The piano accompaniment provides the final harmonic support.

*pp più lento.*

Sheath the sword, Scot-land!

*f* *pp*

Scot-land! Scot-land! Sheath the sword, Scot-land, for dimm'd is its shine; Thy

foe-men are flee-ing! flee-ing! flee-ing! And who kens nae mer-cy is

*p*

nae son o' thine. The strug-gle is o-ver!

*f*

o-ver! o-ver! The strug-gle is o-ver! the vic-to-ry won! There are

*p* *f*

tears for the fall - en! the fall - en! the fall - en! And glo - ry for all who their

*p*

*Tempo primo.*

du - ty have done. Sheath the sword, Scot - land! Scot - land! Scot - land!

*p*

With thy lov'd this - tle new lau - rels en-twine; Time ne'er shall part them,

*f*

part them, part them, But hand down the gar - land to each son o' thine.

*f*



## Farewell, thou Stream.

BURNS.

Air, "Nanny's to the Greenwood gane."

*Andante espressivo.*

PIANO. *mf*

*dolce.*

Fare - well, thou stream that wind - ing flows A - round E - li - za's

*p*

dwel - ling! O Mem' - ry!..... spare the cru - el throes With -

- in my bo - som swel - ling. Con - demn'd to drag a

hope - less chain, And yet in se - cret lan - guish; To

*f*

feel a fire in ev' - ry vein, Nor dare dis - close..... my

*dim.*

*dim.*

an - guish.

*p* *mf*

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,  
 I fain my griefs would cover:  
 The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan  
 Betray the hapless lover.  
 I know thou doom'st me to despair,  
 Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;  
 But oh! Eliza, hear one prayer,—  
 For pity's sake forgive me!

The music of thy voice I heard,  
 Nor wist while it enslaved me;  
 I saw thine eyes, yet nothing feared,  
 Till fears no more had saved me:  
 Th' unwary sailor, thus aghast,  
 The wheeling torrent viewing,  
 'Mid circling horrors sinks at last  
 In overwhelming ruin.

## Farewell to pleasant Dilston Hall.

Air, "Derwentwater's Farewell."

*Andantino.*

**PIANO.** *mf* *p* *cres.*

Fare - well to plea - sant Dil - ston Hall— My

*p* *p*

fa - ther's an - cient seat ; A stran - ger now must call thee his, Which gars my heart to

greet. No more a - long the banks of Tyne I'll rove in au - tumn grey ; No

*cres.* *cres.* *p*

more I'll hear, at ear - ly dawn, The lav' rocks wake the day.

*mf*

Farewell, farewell, my lady dear,  
 Ill, ill thou counsell'dst me ;  
 I never more may see the babe  
 That smiles upon thy knee.  
 The warning bell now bids me cease ;  
 My trouble's nearly o'er ;  
 Yon sun that rises from the sea,  
 Shall rise on me no more.

Albeit that here in London town  
 It is my fate to die,  
 Oh ! carry me to Northumberland,  
 In my father's grave to lie.  
 There chaunt my solemn Requiem  
 In Hexham's holy towers,  
 And let six maids of fair Tynedale  
 Scatter my grave with flowers.



# Fine Flowers in the Valley.

Ancient.

*Poco adagio, dolente.*

Gaelic Air.

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The melody begins with a half note B-flat, followed by a quarter note A, and then a half note G. The left hand plays a series of chords: B-flat major, A minor, G major, and F major. The introduction ends with a double bar line.

*mp* *p*

Ped. \* Ped. \*

The first system of the song is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The melody begins with a half note B-flat, followed by a quarter note A, and then a half note G. The left hand plays a series of chords: B-flat major, A minor, G major, and F major. The system ends with a double bar line.

*p* *pp*

She sat down be - low a thorn, Fine flow'rs in the val - ley, And

The second system of the song is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The melody begins with a half note B-flat, followed by a quarter note A, and then a half note G. The left hand plays a series of chords: B-flat major, A minor, G major, and F major. The system ends with a double bar line.

there she has her sweet babe borne, And the green leaves they grow rare - ly.

*pp*

The third system of the song is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The melody begins with a half note B-flat, followed by a quarter note A, and then a half note G. The left hand plays a series of chords: B-flat major, A minor, G major, and F major. The system ends with a double bar line.

*mp* *p*

Ped. \* Ped. \*

Smile nae sae sweet, my bonnie babe,  
*Fine flow'rs in the valley;*  
 An' ye smile sae sweet, ye'll smile me dead,  
*And the green leaves they grow rarely.*  
 She's ta'en out her little penknife,  
*Fine flow'rs in the valley;*  
 And twinned<sup>1</sup> the sweet babe o' its life,  
*And the green leaves they grow rarely.*  
 She's howket<sup>2</sup> a grave by the light o' the moon,  
*Fine flow'rs in the valley;*  
 And there she's buried her sweet babe in,  
*And the green leaves they grow rarely.*

As she was going to the church,  
*Fine flow'rs in the valley;*  
 She saw a sweet babe in the porch,  
*And the green leaves they grow rarely.*  
 O sweet babe, an' thou wert mine,  
*Fine flow'rs in the valley;*  
 I wad cleed<sup>3</sup> thee in silk so fine,  
*And the green leaves they grow rarely.*  
 O mother dear, when I was thine,  
*Fine flow'rs in the valley;*  
 You did na prove to me sae kind—  
*And the green leaves they grow rarely.*

<sup>1</sup> Deprived.<sup>2</sup> Dug.<sup>3</sup> Clothe.

## Gae to the Kye wi' me, Johnny.

Old Words.

Old Air.

*Allegretto gioioso.* *mf* *>*

Oh, gae to the kye<sup>1</sup> wi' me, Johnny,

PIANO. *mf* *mp*

*mp*

Gae to the kye wi' me, Oh, gae to the kye wi' me, Johnny, And I'll be mer-ry with thee. And

*p*

was she na wor-dy<sup>2</sup> of kis-ses, And was she na wor-dy of three, And was she na wor-dy of kis-ses That

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

ga'd to the kye wi' me? Oh, gae to the kye wi' me, John-ny, Gae to the kye wi' me, Oh,

*a tempo.*

*rit.* . . .

gae to the kye wi' me, Johnny, And I'll be mer-ry wi' thee.

*rit.* . . . *f* *q. h.* *mp*

<sup>1</sup> Cows.<sup>2</sup> Worthy

## Go to Berwick, Johnny.

Old Air.

*Lively.*

PIANO. *f*

Go to Ber-wick, John - ny, Bring her frae the bor - der; Yon sweet bon - nie las - sie,

*mf*

Let her gae nae far - der. En - glish loons will twine ye, O' the love - ly crea - ture;

But we'll let them ken A sword wi' them we'll mea - sure.

Go to Berwick, Johnny,  
 And regain your honour;  
 Drive them o'er the Tweed,  
 An' shaw our Scottish banner!  
 I am Rab, the King,  
 An' ye are Jock, my brither,  
 But before we lose her,  
 We'll a' there thegither.



# Guidwife, count the Lawin.

BURNS.

Air, "Guidwife, count the Lawin."

*Allegretto.*

PIANO.

Gane is the day, and mirk's thenight, But

*mp*

we'll ne'er stray for fau't<sup>1</sup> o' light, For ale and brandy's stars and moon, And bludered wine's theris-ing sun.

CHORUS.

Then, guidwife, count the law - in,<sup>2</sup> The law - in, the law - in, Then, guidwife, count the law - in, And

*mf*

bring a cog - gie<sup>3</sup> mair!

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,  
And semple-folk maun fecht and fen';<sup>4</sup>  
But here we're a' in ae accord,  
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.  
Then, guidwife, count, &c.

My coggie is a haly pool  
That heals the wounds o' care and dool;<sup>5</sup>  
And pleasure is a wanton trout,  
An' ye drink but deep ye'll find him out.  
Then, guidwife, count, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Want.<sup>2</sup> Reckoning.<sup>3</sup> Jug.<sup>4</sup> Fight and struggle.<sup>5</sup> Trouble.

## Hardyknute.

Old Words.

Air, "The Battle of Largs."

*Maestoso*

PIANC. *mf*

Ped. \* Ped. \*

State - ly stept he East the wa', And state - ly stept he West; Full

sev'n - ty zeirs<sup>1</sup> he now had seen With skerfs<sup>2</sup> sevin ziers of rest.

*mf*

Ped. \* Ped. \*

He livit quhen<sup>3</sup> Briton's breach of faith  
Wroucht Scotland meikle wae,  
And ay his sword tauld to their skaith,<sup>4</sup>  
He was their deidly fae.

Hie on a hill his castle stude,  
With halls and towers a hicht,  
And guidly chambers fair to se  
Quhair<sup>5</sup> he lodgit mony a knight.

I' twelve and more verses tell of the invasion of Scotland by Hardyknute, the King of Norse.

<sup>1</sup> Years.<sup>2</sup> Scarce.<sup>3</sup> When.<sup>4</sup> Hurt.<sup>5</sup> Where

## Hail to the Chief!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

*Con moto moderato.*

PIANO. *f*

Hail to the chief who in

tri - umph ad - van - ces! Ho - nour'd and blest be the ev - er-green pine;

Long may the tree in his ban - ner that glan - ces Flou - rish the shel - ter and

grace of our line! Heav'n send it hap - py dew, Earth send it sap a - new,

*mf*



Gai - ly to bourgeon and broadly to grow; While ev'-ry Highland glen Sends our shout back a - gain,

*cres.*

Rode - rich Vich Al - pine dhu ho! ie - roe! Rode - rich! Rode - rich! Rode - rich! Rode - rich!

*f* *p*

Rode - rich Vich Al - pine dhu ho! ie - roe!

*f*

Ours is no sapling chance sown by the fountain,  
 Blooming in Beltane, in winter to fade  
 When the whirl-wind has stript ev'ry leaf on the mountain,  
 The more shall Clan Alpine exult in her shade.  
 Moored in the rifted rock,  
 Proof to the tempest shock,  
 Firmer he roots him the ruder it blows  
 Monteith and Breadalbin' then  
 Echo his praise again,  
 Roderich Vich Alpine dhu ho! ie-roe!

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands  
 Stretch to your oars for the evergreen pine!  
 Oh! that the rosebud that graces yon island  
 Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine  
 Oh! that some seedling gem,  
 Worthy such noble stem,  
 Honour'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow  
 Loud should Clan Alpine then  
 Ring from her deepmost glen,  
 Roderich Vich Alpine dhu ho! ie-roe!

# Hame cam' our Gudeman at e'en.

*Andante scherzoso.*

PIANO. *mf*

*Tempo rubato.*

Oh, hame cam' our gudeman at e'en, And

*Sempre colla voce.*

hame cam' he, And there he saw a sad-dle horse, Where nae horses should be; "And

how cam' this horse here? And whase can it be? And how cam' this horse here, With -

*ad lib. (usually spoken).* *a tempo.*

- out the leave o' me?" "A horse," quo' she. "Aye, a horse," quo' he. "Ye auld blind doi-ted bod-dy, And

*ad lib.*

blind-er mat ye be! It's but a bon-nie milk-cow My min-nie<sup>1</sup> sent to me." "A milk-cow," quo' he. "Aye a milk-cow," quo' she. "Weel, far hae I rid-den, And muckle<sup>2</sup> hae I seen, But sad-dles up-on milk-cows, Saw I nev-er nane!"

*a tempo.*

Oh, hame cam' our gudaman at e'en,  
And hame cam' he;

And there he saw a siller sword,

Where nae sword should be;

"And how cam' this sword here?

And whase can it be?

And how cam' this sword here,

Without the leave o' me?"

*Usually spoken*—"A sword," quo' she.

"Aye, a sword," quo' he.

"Ye auld blind dotard carle,

And blinder mat ye be,

It's but a parridge-spurtle<sup>3</sup>

My minnie sent to me."

"A parridge-spurtle," quo' he.

"Aye, a parridge-spurtle," quo' she.

"Weel, far hae I ridden

And muckle hae I seen,

But siller-handed spurtles

Saw I never nane."

Oh, hame cam' our gudaman at e'en,

And hame cam' he;

And there he saw a muckle coat,

Where nae coat should be.

"And how cam' this coat here?

And whase can it be?

And how cam' this coat here,

Without the leave o' me?"

"A coat," quo' she.

"Aye, a coat," quo' he.

"Ye auld blind dotard carle,

And blinder mat ye be,

It's but a pair o' blankets

My minnie sent to me."

"Blankets," quo' he.

"Aye, blankets," quo' she.

"Weel, far hae I ridden

And muckle hae I seen,

But buttons upon blankets

Saw I never nane."

Oh, hame cam' our gudaman at e'en,

And hame cam' he;

He spied a pair o' jack-boots,

Where nae boots should be.

"What's this now, gudewife?

What's this I see?

How cam' these boots here,

Without the leave o' me?"

"Boots," quo' she.

"Aye, boots," quo' he.

"Ye auld blind dotard carle,

And blinder mat ye be,

It's but a pair o' water stoops<sup>4</sup>

The cooper sent to me."

"Water stoops," quo' he.

"Aye, water stoops," quo' she.

"Weel, far hae I ridden

And muckle hae I seen,

But siller spurs on water stoops

Saw I never nane."

Ben the house gaed our gudaman,

And ben gaed he;

And there he saw a sturdy man,

Where nae man should be—

"And how cam' this man here?

And wha can he be?

And how cam' this man here,

Without the leave o' me?"

"A man," quo' she.

"Aye, a man," quo' he.

"Hooly,<sup>5</sup> hooly, our gudaman,

An' dinna angered be,

It's just our cousin McIntosh

Come frae the North Countrie."

"Cousin McIntosh," quo' he.

"Aye, cousin McIntosh," quo' she.

"Ye'll hae us a' hanged, gudewife,

I've een enough to see

Ye're hidin' rebels in the house,

Without the leave o' me."

<sup>1</sup> Mother

<sup>2</sup> Great things; much.

<sup>3</sup> Stick used in making oatmeal porridge, &c.

<sup>4</sup> Wooden pitchers.

<sup>5</sup> Take time.



# Hame, Hame, Hame!

Jacobite Song.

18th Century Air.

*Adagio patetico.*

PIANO. *mf*

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time. The right hand starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It begins with a half rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The left hand starts with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. It begins with a half rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The tempo is marked 'Adagio patetico' and the dynamic is 'mf'.

*dolce.*

*p*

The first line of the song is in 4/4 time. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: 'Hame, hame, hame, Oh, hame fain would I be,..... Hame, hame, hame, to my'. The piano accompaniment is in a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp. The dynamic is 'p'.

ain coun-trie! There's an eye that ev - er weeps, and a fair face will be fain, As I

*mf* *p*

The second line of the song is in 4/4 time. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: 'ain coun-trie! There's an eye that ev - er weeps, and a fair face will be fain, As I'. The piano accompaniment is in a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp. The dynamics are 'mf' and 'p'.

pass thro' An-nan Wa-ter with my bon-ny bands a-gain; When the flow'r is in the bud, and the

*cres.*

The third line of the song is in 4/4 time. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: 'pass thro' An-nan Wa-ter with my bon-ny bands a-gain; When the flow'r is in the bud, and the'. The piano accompaniment is in a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp. The dynamic is 'cres.'.

leaf up - on the tree, The lark shall sing me hame in my ain coun - trie.

Hame, hame, hame, Oh, hame fain would I be,  
 Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!  
 The green leaf of loyalty's beginning for to fa',  
 The bonnie white rose it is withering and a',  
 But I'll water 't with the blood of usurping tyrannie,  
 And fresh it will blaw in my ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame, Oh, hame fain would I be,  
 Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!  
 There's nought now from ruin my countrie can save,  
 But the keys of kind heaven to open the grave,  
 That all the noble martyrs who died for loyalte  
 May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame, Oh, hame fain would I be,  
 Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!  
 The great now are gone, a' who ventured to save;  
 The new grass is growing above their bloody grave;  
 But the sun through the mirk blinks blithe in my e'e,  
 I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie.

# Heather Jock's noo awa'.

Author Unknown.

Old Air.

*Allegretto.*

REFRAIN FOR CHORUS.

PIANO. *f*

Hea-ther Jock's noo a-wa',

R.H.

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The vocal line has a repeat sign followed by the lyrics 'Hea-ther Jock's noo a-wa'.

Hea-ther Jock's noo a-wa'; The muir-cock noo may crouse-ly<sup>1</sup> crawl, Since

The second system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a right-hand (R.H.) section. The lyrics are 'Hea-ther Jock's noo a-wa'; The muir-cock noo may crouse-ly<sup>1</sup> crawl, Since'.

FINE.

Hea-ther Jock's noo a-wa'.

*f*

R.H.

The third system concludes the main part of the song with a 'FINE.' marking. It includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The lyrics are 'Hea-ther Jock's noo a-wa'.

SOLO.

Hea-ther Jock was stark and grim, Fought wi' a' would fecht wi' him.

*mp*

The fourth system is marked 'SOLO.' and features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part starts with a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic. The lyrics are 'Hea-ther Jock was stark and grim, Fought wi' a' would fecht wi' him.'



Swank<sup>2</sup> and supple, sharp and thin, Fine for gaun against the win'. Taw-nie face and tou-zie hair,

In his clead-in<sup>3</sup> un-co<sup>4</sup> bare; Curs'd and swore whene'er he spoke, None could e-qual Hea-ther Jock.

*D.C. al S*

Jock kent ilka bore and bole,<sup>5</sup>  
 Could creep thro' a wee bit hole,  
 Quietly pilfer eggs and cheese,  
 Dunts<sup>6</sup> o' bacon, skeps<sup>7</sup> o' bees,  
 Sip the kirn,<sup>8</sup> and steal the butter,  
 Nail the hens without a flutter;  
 Na! the watchfu', wily cock.  
 Durst-na crawl for Heather Jock.

Effie Blaikie lost her gown,  
 She cost sae dear at borough town;  
 Sandy Tamson's Sunday wig  
 Left the house to run the rig.<sup>9</sup>  
 Jenny Baxter's blankets a'  
 Took a thocht to gang awa',  
 And a' the weans<sup>10</sup> bit printed frocks—  
 Wha was the thief but Heather Jock.

Jock was nae religious youth,  
 For at the priest he thraw'd<sup>11</sup> his mouth;  
 He wadna say a grace, nor pray,  
 But played his pipes on Sabbath Day.  
 Robbed the Kirk o' baun an' book,  
 Everything would lift he took;  
 He didna leave the weather-cock,  
 Sic a thief was Heather Jock!

Nane wi' Jock could draw a tricker,  
 'Mang the muirfowl he was sicker;<sup>12</sup>  
 He watched the wild ducks at the springs,  
 And hang'd the hares in hempen strings;  
 Blaz'd the burns, and spear'd the fish,  
 Jock had mony a dainty dish.  
 The best o' muirfowl and blackcock  
 Aye graced the board of Heather Jock.

Nane wi' Jock had ony say,  
 At the nieve<sup>13</sup> or cudgel play;  
 Jock for bolt or bar ne'er stayed,  
 Till ance the jail his courage laid.  
 Then the judge without delay  
 Sent him off to Botany Bay,  
 And bade him mind the laws he broke,  
 And never mair play Heather Jock.

<sup>1</sup> Briskly.<sup>2</sup> Strapping.<sup>3</sup> Clothing.<sup>4</sup> Very.<sup>5</sup> Small cupboard.<sup>6</sup> Lumps.

Hives.

<sup>8</sup> Churn<sup>9</sup> Frolic.<sup>10</sup> Babies<sup>11</sup> Twisted.<sup>12</sup> Sure.<sup>13</sup> Fist.

# Her Daddy forbade.

BURNS.

Air, "Jumpin' John."

*Allegretto non troppo.*

PIANO. *mf* *mp*

Her dad - dy for-bade, her

*mp*

min-nie forbade, For - bid-den she wad - na be;..... She wad - na trow't the browst she brew'd<sup>1</sup> Wad

*mf* CHORUS.

taste sae bit - ter - lie..... The lang lad they ca' Jump-in' John Be - guil'd the bon-nie

las - sie; The lang lad they ca' Jump-in' John Be - guil'd the bon-nie las - sie.

*mf*

A cow and a cauf, a yowe<sup>2</sup> and a hauf,  
 And thretty guid shillin's and three;  
 A vera gude tocher,<sup>3</sup> a cotter-man's dochter,<sup>4</sup>  
 The lass with the bonnie black e'e.  
 The lang lad, &c.

<sup>1</sup> She would not believe the drink she brewed. <sup>2</sup> Ewe. <sup>3</sup> Dowry <sup>4</sup> Daughter.

# Hey, the Dusty Miller.

BURNS.

Air, "The Dusty Miller."

*Giojoso.*

PIANO.

*mf* *p* *mf*

Hey, the dus-ty mil-ler,  
Hey, the dus-ty mil-ler,

And his dus-ty coat; He will win a shil-ling, Or he spend a groat.  
And his dus-ty sack; Leeze me<sup>1</sup> on the cal-ling Fills the dus-ty peck.

*rit.* . . . .

Dus-ty was the coat, Dus-ty was the co-lour, Dus-ty was the kiss  
Fills the dus-ty peck, Brings the dus-ty sil-ler; I wad gi'e my coatie

*rit.* . . . .

*a tempo.*

I got frae the mil-ler.  
For the dus-ty mil-ler.

*a tempo.* *p*

<sup>1</sup> Expression of endearment.



# How sweet this lone Vale.

The first stanza by HON. ANDREW ERSKINE.  
(The author of the remainder *unknown*.)

Gaelic Air.

*Larghetto espressivo.*

PIANO.

How

sweet this lone vale, and how sooth-ing to feel-ing, Yon ma-vis-'s notes which in

me-lo-dy melt; O-bli-vion of woe in my mind gen-tly steal-ing, A

*poco cres.*

pause from keen an-guish a mo-ment is felt. The moon's yel-low light o'er the

still lake is sleep-ing, Ah! near the sad spot Ma-ry sleeps in her tomb! A -

- gain the heart swells, the eye flows with weep-ing, And the sweets of the vale are all

sha - dow'd with gloom.

How sweet this lone vale! all the beauties of Nature,  
 In varied features are here to be seen;  
 The lowly spread bush, and the oak's tow'ring stature  
 Are mantled in foliage of gay lovely green.  
 Ah! here is the spot (Oh! sad recollection!),  
 It is the retreat of my Mary no more;—  
 How kind, how sincere, was the maiden's affection—  
 Till memory cease, I the loss must deplore.

How sweet this lone vale to a heart full of sorrow!  
 The wail of distress I unheeded can pour;  
 My bosom o'ercharged may be lighter to-morrow,  
 By shedding a flood in the thick twisted bow'r.  
 O Mary! in silence thou calmly reposest,  
 The bustle of life gives no trouble to thee;  
 Bemoaning my Mary, life only discloses  
 A wilderness vacant of pleasure to me.

# Hughie Graham.

Ancient Ballad (altered and added to by Burns).

Air, "Drumion Dubh."

*Sostenuto.*

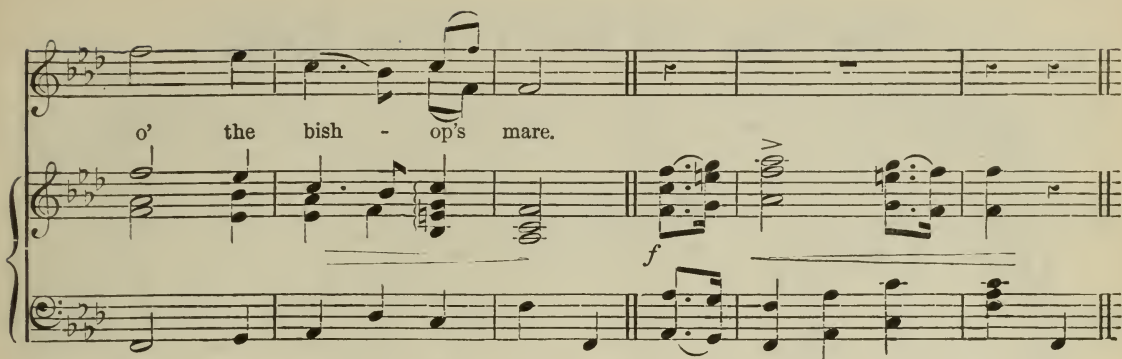
Our lords are

PIANO.

to the moun - tains gane, A - hunt - ing o'..... the fal low

deer, And they have grip - pet Hugh - ie Gra - ham For steal - ing





And they ha'e tied him hand and foot,  
 And led him up through Stirling toun;  
 The lads and lassies met him there,  
 Cried "Hughie Graham, thou art a loon."

"Oh, lowse my right hand free," he says,  
 "And put my braid sword in the same;  
 He's no in Stirling toun this day  
 Daur tell the tale to Hughie Graham."

Up then bespake the brave Whitefoord,  
 As he sat by the bishop's knee,  
 "Five hundred white stots<sup>1</sup> I'll gie you,  
 If ye'll let Hughie Graham gae free."

"Oh, haud your tongue," the bishop says,  
 "And wi' your pleading let me be;  
 For though ten Grahams were in his coat,  
 Hughie Graham this day shall die."

Up then bespake the fair Whitefoord,  
 As she sat by the bishop's knee;  
 "Five hundred white pence I'll gie you,  
 If ye'll gie Hughie Graham to me."

"O, haud your tongue now, lady fair,  
 And wi' your pleading let it be;  
 Although ten Grahams were in his coat,  
 It's for my honour he maun die."

They've ta'en him to the gallows knowe,  
 He lookèd to the gallows tree;  
 Yet never colour left his cheek,  
 Nor ever did he blink his e'e.

At length he lookèd round about,  
 To see whatever he could spy:  
 And there he saw his auld father,  
 And he was weeping bitterly.

"O, haud your tongue, my father dear,  
 And wi' your weeping let it be;  
 Thy weeping's sairer on my heart  
 Than a' that they can do to me.

"And ye may gie my brother John  
 My sword that's bent in the middle clear;  
 And let him come at twelve o'clock,  
 And see me pay the bishop's mare.

"And ye may gie my brother James  
 My sword that's bent in the middle brown;  
 And bid him come at four o'clock,  
 And see his brother Hugh cut down.

"And ye may tell my kith and kin  
 I never did disgrace their blood;  
 And when they meet the bishop's cloak  
 To mak' it shorter by the hood."

<sup>1</sup> Young bullocks.

# How lang and dreary is the Night.

BURNS.

Gaelic Air.

*Rather Slow.*

PIANO.

How

lang and drear-y is the night When I am frae my dear-ie; I sleep-less lie frae

e'en to morn, Tho' I were ne'er so wea-ry; I sleep-less lie frae e'en to morn, Tho'

I were ne'er sae wea-ry.

*rit.* *molto rall.*

When I think on the happy days  
I spent wi' you, my dearie,  
And now what lands between us lie,  
How can I be but eerie?<sup>1</sup>  
And now what lands between us lie,  
How can I be but eerie?

<sup>1</sup> Frighted.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,  
As ye were wae and weary!  
It was nae sae ye glinted<sup>2</sup> by  
When I was wi' my dearie;  
It was nae sae ye glinted by  
When I was wi' my dearie.

<sup>2</sup> Pass quickly

BURNS.

## I dreamed I lay where Flowers were springing.

*Andante grazioso.*

PIANO.

*mp*

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The first line of the song is set in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The vocal line begins with a half note, followed by eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in the right hand, and a bass line in the left hand.

I dream'd I lay where flow'rs were springing, Gai - ly in the sun - ny beam ;

The second line of the song continues in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The vocal line follows the same melodic pattern as the first line. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support.

List'ning to the wild birds sing - ing, By a fal - ling crys - tal stream :

The third line of the song is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The vocal line includes a crescendo and a forte section. The piano accompaniment also features a crescendo and a forte section.

Straight the sky grew black and dar - ing Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave; Trees with a - ged

The fourth line of the song is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The vocal line ends with a half note. The piano accompaniment includes a mezzo-forte section.

arms were war - ring O'er the swel - ling, drum - lie<sup>1</sup> wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,  
Such the pleasures I enjoyed;  
But long or<sup>2</sup> noon, loud tempests storming,  
A' my flow'ry bliss destroyed.

<sup>1</sup> Troubled.

Though fickle fortune has deceived me,  
She promised fair, and performed but ill;  
Of many a joy and hope bereaved me -  
I bear a heart shall support me still.

<sup>2</sup> Before, ere.



# I ance was a Wanter.

(THE MARRIED MAN'S LAMENT.)

R. NICOLL.

Old Air

*Allegro moderato*

PIANO. *f*

The piano introduction consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line with a few notes. The middle and bottom staves form a piano accompaniment with a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

I ance was a wanter<sup>1</sup> as hap-py's a bee, I

*mp*

The first system of the song features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The tempo is marked 'mp' (mezzo-piano).

med-dled wi' nane, and nane med-dled wi' me; I whiles had a crack<sup>2</sup> or a cog o' guid yill,<sup>3</sup> Whiles a

The second system continues the song with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a consistent rhythmic accompaniment.

bic-ker o' swats,<sup>4</sup> whiles a heart-heazing<sup>5</sup> gill. And I aye had a groat, if I had-na a pound, On this

*mf*

The third system concludes the song with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'mf' (mezzo-forte).

earth there was nane meikle hap - pi-er found. But my auld mitherdee'd in the year auchty-nine, And I

ne'er haehad peace in the warld sin syne;<sup>6</sup> My auld mitherdee'd in the year auchty-nine, And I

ne'er hae had peace in the warld sin syne!

Fu' sound may she sleep, a douce<sup>7</sup> woman was she,  
Wi' her wheel and her cat and her cuppie o' tea;  
My ingle she keep it as trig as a preen,<sup>8</sup>  
An' she ne'er speer'd<sup>9</sup> questions as "Where hae ye  
been?"

As, "What were ye doin'?" or "Wha was ye wi'?"  
We were happy thegither, my mither and me.  
But my auld, &c.

When my mither was gane, for a while I was wae,  
But a young chap was I, and a wife I maun hae;  
A wife I soon got, and I aye hae her yet,  
And the folks think thegither we're unco weel fit  
But my ain mind hae I, tho' I dawna speak o't,  
For mair than her gallop, I like my ain trot.

But my auld, &c.

Now our gilpie<sup>10</sup> young dochters<sup>11</sup> are looking for  
men,  
And I'll be a grandsire or ever I ken;  
The laddies are thinking on ruling the roost,  
Their faither, puir body's, as deaf as a post,  
But he sees their upsetting<sup>12</sup> sae crouse<sup>13</sup> and sae bauld,  
Oh, why did I marry and wherefore grow auld.  
But my auld, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Unmarried.

<sup>2</sup> Chat.

<sup>3</sup> Ale.

<sup>4</sup> Jug of small beer.

<sup>5</sup> Heart-cheering.

<sup>6</sup> Since that time.

<sup>7</sup> Prudent.

<sup>8</sup> Neat as a pin.

<sup>9</sup> Asked.

<sup>10</sup> Hoyden.

<sup>11</sup> Daughters.

<sup>12</sup> Settling in life; setting up in business.

<sup>13</sup> Courageous.

# I'll bid my Heart be still.

THOMAS PRINGLE.  
*Con dolore.*

Old Border Melody.

PIANO.

bid my heart be still, And check each strug-gling sigh! And there's

none e'er shall know My soul's che-rish'd woe, When the first tears of sor-row are dry.....

mf

They bid me cease to weep,  
For glory gilds his name;  
Ah! 'tis therefore I mourn—  
He ne'er can return  
To enjoy the bright noon of his fame.

While minstrels wake the lay  
For peace and freedom won,  
Like my lost lover's knell  
The tones seem to swell,  
And I hear but his death-dirge alone.

My cheek has lost its hue,  
My eye grows faint and dim.  
But 'tis sweeter to fade  
In grief's gloomy shade,  
Than to bloom for another than him.



# I'll ha'e my Coat o' gude Snuffbrown.

SIR ALEX. BOSWELL.

(A DUOLOGUE BETWEEN MEG AND THE LAIRD).

*Allegretto.*

PIANO.

THE LAIRD.

I'll ha'e my coat o' gude snuff-brown, My pou-ther'd wig to co'er my crown; I'll

MEG.

deck me, Meg, and busk<sup>1</sup> me fine, I'm gaun to court a toch - er'd quean.<sup>2</sup> Your

ho - sen, laird, are baith to darn, Your best sark's bleechin', that's but harn,<sup>3</sup> Your coat's a' stour,<sup>4</sup> Your

wig's to kame, 'Deed, laird, ye'd bet - ter bide at hame.

*The Laird.*—Auld Punch will carry Jock the lad,  
I'll ride mysel' the lang tail'd yad,<sup>5</sup>  
Wi' pistols at my saddle tree,  
Weel mounted as a laird should be.

*Meg.*—There's peats to cast, the hay's to coil,  
The yad's ran o'er the muir a mile,  
The saddle's stown, Auld Punch is lame,  
Deed, laird, ye'd better bide at hame.

*Meg.*—Think laird a wee, and look about,  
Your gear's a' thrivin' in and out,  
I'm wae to see you courtin' dule,<sup>6</sup>  
Wha kens but this same quean's a fule.

*The Laird.*—Aye! aye! your drift's no ill<sup>7</sup> to tell,  
Ye fain wad hae me, Meg, yoursel',  
But sure as Blutterbog's my name,  
I'll court the lass and bring her hame.

<sup>1</sup> Dress.<sup>2</sup> A girl with money<sup>3</sup> Coarse linen<sup>4</sup> Dusty.<sup>5</sup> Mare<sup>6</sup> Inviting trouble.<sup>7</sup> Easy

# I love my love in secret.

Old song (altered by Burns).

Air, "Sandy O."

*Andante con moto.*

PIANO. *mf*

My San - dy gied to me a ring, Was a' be - set wi' dia - monds fine; But  
My San - dy brak a piece o' gowd, While down his cheeks the saut tears rowed; He

*mp*

I gied him a farbet-terthing— I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring, } My San - dy O, My  
took a haufand gaed it to me, And I'll keep it till the hour I die. }

*cres.*

San - dy O, My bon - ny, bon - ny San - dy O, Tho' the love that I owe To thee I dare not shew, Yet I

love my love in se - cret, My San - dy O!

# I'm a' down for lack o' Johnnie.

Author Unknown.

*Affettuoso.*

PIANO.

I'm a'..... down,..... down, down, I'm down for lack o' John-nie, I'm

a'..... down,.... down, down, I'm down for lack o' Johnnie. Gin¹ John-nie kent I sit up - on an

was na weel I'm sure he would come to me; But oh! gin he's for - sa - ken me. Och  
auld feal sunk,² I spin and greet for Johnnie; But gin he's gi'en me the begunk,³ Och

hone! what will come o' me!  
hone! what will come o' me!

¹ If.

² A seat made of turf.

³ To deceive.



# I sing of a Land.

(THE STUARTS OF APPIN.)

Hogg.

JOHN WILSON.

*Andante maestoso.*

PIANO.

*mf* *f*

sing of a land that was fa-mous of yore, The land of green Ap-pin, the ward of the flood; Where

*mp*

ev - 'ry grey cairn that broods o - ver the shore Marks grave of the roy - al, the va - liant, the good.

*Più moto cres. animato.*

The land where the strains of grey Ossian were fram'd, The land of fair Sel-ma, and pride of Fin-gal! And

*Più f ed animato.*

late of a race that with tears must be nam'd, The no-ble clan Stu-art, the brav-est of all! Oh!

*f* *mp*

on, an Righ! and the Stu-arts of Ap-pin! The gal-lant, de-vo-ted, old Stu-arts of Ap-pin! Their

*cres.* *dim*

glo-ry is o'er, for their clan is no more, And the Sas-se-nach sings on the hills of green Ap-pin.

*dim.* *colla voce.* *mp*

*Tempo 1mo. Maestoso.*

They are gone! they are gone! the re-doubt-ed, the brave! The

*p*

sea-breezes lone o'er their rel-ics are sigh-ing, Dark weeds of o-bli-vion shroud ma-ny a grave Where the

*cres. animato.*

unconquer'd foes of the Campbells are ly-ing; But long as the grey hairs wave o-ver my brow, And

*cres. animato.*

earth-ly e-motions my spi-rits are wrapping, My old heart with tides of re-gret shall o'er-flow, And

*f* bleed for the fall of the Stu-arts of Ap-pin. *mp* Oh! on, an Righ! and the Stu-arts of Ap-pin! The

*f* *mp*

*cres.* *dim.*

gal-lant, de-vo-ted, old Stu-arts of Ap-pin! Their glo-ry is o'er, for their clan is no more, And the

*dim.*

Sas-se-nach sings on the hills of green Ap-pin.

*colla voca.* *mp*



# It's up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk.

Arranged by FINLAY DUN.

Border Bagpipe Melody.

*Allegro marcato.*

**PIANO.**

It's up wi' the Sou-ters o' Sel-kirk, And  
down wi' the Earl o' Hume; And here is to a' the braw lad - dies That  
wear the sin - gle sol'd shoon. It's up wi' the Sou - ters o' Sel - kirk, For  
they are baith trus - ty and leal, And up wi' the lads o' the Fo - rest,<sup>1</sup> And  
down wi' the Merse<sup>2</sup> to the deil!

It's fye upon yellow and yellow,  
And fye upon yellow and green;<sup>3</sup>  
But up wi' the true blue and scarlet,  
And up wi' the single soled shoon.  
It's up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk,  
For they are baith trusty and leal;  
And up wi' the men o' the Forest,  
And down wi' the Merse to the deil.

O! mitres are made for noddles,  
But feet they are made for sho'n,  
And fame is as sib to Selkirk  
As licht is true to the moon.  
There sits a Souter in Selkirk,  
Wha sings as he draws his thread;  
"There's gallant Souters in Selkirk  
As lang's there's water in Tweed."

<sup>1</sup> Selkirkshire, otherwise known as Ettrick Forest.

<sup>2</sup> Livery of the House of Hume.

<sup>3</sup> Berwickshire, " The Merse. H. 1102.

# I wish I war where Eelin lies!

Old Words.

*Slow, and with expression.*

Air, "Fair Helen of Kirkconnel."

PIANO.

*p* I wish I war where Ee - lin lies, For nicht and day..... on me scho cries; Oh!  
*poco cres.*

*rit.*  
that I war where Ee - lin lies, On fair Kirk - con - nel lee.  
*rit. p*

*mp*

Curse on the hand that shot the shot,  
Likewise the gun that ga'e the crack;  
Fair Eelin, my arms scho lap,  
And died for love of me.

O think na ye my heart was sair  
To see her lie, and speak na mair!  
There did scho swoon, wi' mickle care,  
On fair Kirkconnel lee.

I loutit down, my sword did draw;  
I cuttit him in pieces sma';  
I cuttit him in pieces sma'  
On fair Kirkconnel lee.

O Eelin fair, without compare,  
I'll mack a garland of thy hair,  
And wear the same for evermair,  
Until the day I dee.

I wish my grave were growin' green,  
A winding-sheet put o'er my een,  
And I in Eelin's arms lyin'  
On fair Kirkconnel lee.

O Eelin chaste, thou wast modest;  
War I with thee I wad be blest;  
Where thou lies low, and tak'st thy res.  
On fair Kirkconnel lee.

I wish I war where Eelin lies,  
For nicht and day on me scho cries;  
I wish I war where Eelin lies,  
On fair Kirkconnel lee.

my guid-man, My ain guid-man it is nae faut.  
ith - ers' arms, And that's the way I like to do.

*rall.*

*sf*

*sf*

G



# Jeanie's Black Een.

HECTOR MACNEIL.

(Old Air.

*Andante Moderato.*

PIANO. *mf*

The sun rose sae ro - sy, the grey hills a - dorn - ing, Light sprang the lav' - rock,<sup>1</sup> and

*p*

mount - ed sae hie; When, true to the tryst o' blyth May's dew - y morn - ing,

Jea - nie cam' link - in'<sup>2</sup> out owre the green lea. To mark her im - pa - tience I

crap<sup>3</sup> a-mang the breck-ans;⁴ Aft, aft to the kent<sup>5</sup> gate she turn'd her black e'e, Then

ly - ing down dow - i - lie,⁶ sigh'd by the wil - low tree, "I am a-sleep, do not

wa - - ken me!"

Saft thro' the green birks<sup>7</sup> I stole to my jewel,  
 Streeked<sup>8</sup> on Spring's carpet a' neath the saugh<sup>9</sup>  
 tree,  
 "Think na, dear lassie, that Willie's been cruel."  
 "I am asleep, do not waken me."  
 "Wi' love's warm sensations I've marked your impa-  
 tience,  
 Lang hid midst the breckans I watch'd your black e'e;  
 You're no sleeping, pawkie<sup>10</sup> Jean, open that lovely  
 e'e."  
 "I am asleep, do not waken me."

Bright is the whin's<sup>11</sup> bloom, ilk green knowe<sup>12</sup>  
 adorning,  
 Sweet is the primrose, bespangled wi' dew;  
 Yonder comes Peggy to welcome May morning,  
 Dark wave her haffet-locks<sup>13</sup> o'er her white brow.  
 O light, light she's dancin', treen on the gow'ny<sup>14</sup>  
 green,  
 Barefoot and kilted half up to the knee;  
 While Jeanie is sleeping still, I'll rin and sport my fill,  
 "I was asleep, and ye've waken'd me."

I'll rin and whirl her round, Jeanie is sleeping sound,  
 Kiss her frae lug to lug,<sup>15</sup> no ane can see;  
 Sweet, sweet's her hinny mou'—"Will, I'm no sleeping noo;  
 I was asleep, but ye've waken'd me."  
 Laughing till like to drap, swith<sup>16</sup> to my Jean I lap,<sup>17</sup>  
 Kiss'd her ripe roses, and blest her black e'e;  
 And aye since, whene'er we meet, sing, for the sound is sweet,  
 "I was asleep, and ye've waken'd me."

<sup>1</sup> Lark.<sup>2</sup> Tripping.<sup>3</sup> Crept.<sup>4</sup> Ferns.<sup>5</sup> Well known.<sup>6</sup> Wearily.<sup>7</sup> Underwood.<sup>8</sup> Stretched.<sup>9</sup> Willow.<sup>10</sup> Sly.<sup>11</sup> Furze.<sup>12</sup> Hillock.<sup>13</sup> Curls on the forehead.<sup>14</sup> Covered with daisies.<sup>15</sup> Ear to ear.<sup>16</sup> Instantly<sup>17</sup> Leapt.

# Keen blows the wind o'er Donocht-Head.

GEO. PICKERING &amp; CAPT. CHAS. GRAY, R.M. (THE MINSTREL.)

Air, "Mary's Dream" (Old Version).

*Larghetto.*

PIANO.

*mf* *p*

Keen blows the wind o'er Don-ocht-Head, The snaw drives snel - ly<sup>1</sup> thro' the dale; The

*mf*

ga - ber-lun - zie tirls my sneck,<sup>2</sup> And shiv'-ring tells his wae - fu' tale: "Cauld

is the night, Oh let me in! And din-na let your min-strel fa', And din - na let his

*dim.*

wind - ing-sheet Be nae - thing but a wreath o' snaw.

*sfp* *sf*

"Full ninety winters hae I seen,  
And piped where gor-cocks whirring flew,  
And many a day ye've danced, I ween,  
To liltis which frae my drone I blew."  
My Eppie waked, and soon she cried—  
"Get up, gudeman, and let him in,  
For weel ye ken the winter night  
Was short when he began his din."

My Eppie's voice, Oh! vow, it's sweet!  
E'en though she bans and scaulds a wee;  
But when it's tuned to sorrow's tale,  
Oh! haith, it's doubly dear to me!  
"Come in, auld carle! I'll steer my fire,  
And mak' it blaze a bonnie flame;  
Your blude is thin, ye've tint the gale,  
Ye should nae stray sae far frae hame."

<sup>1</sup> Fast.<sup>2</sup> Lifts my lat.h.

"Nae hame hae I," the minstrel said,  
"Sad party strife o'erturn'd my ba';  
And, weeping, at the eve o' life  
I wander through a wreath o' snaw."  
"Wae's me, auld carle! sad is your tale—  
Your wallet's toom<sup>3</sup>—your claithing thin  
Mine's no the hand to steek<sup>4</sup> the door  
When want and wae would fain be in."

We took him ben—we set him down,  
And soon the ingle bleezed fu' hie;  
The auld man thought himself at hame,  
And dried the tear-drap frae his e'e.  
Once mair the minstrel waked a strain—  
Nae merry lilt, but sad and slow;  
In fancy's ear it seem'd to wail  
A free-born nation's overthrow.

<sup>3</sup> Empty<sup>4</sup> Bar



## Kellyburnbraes.

Old Ballad.

Old Air

*Allegretto.*

PIANO. *f* *mp*

liv'd an old carl<sup>1</sup> in Kel-lyburnbraes, (*Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme*), And he had a wife was the

plague of his days, (*And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.*)

Ae day as the carl gaed up the lang glen,  
 (*Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,*)  
 He met wi' the de'il, says "How do ye fen?"  
 (*And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.*)

"I've got a bad wife, sir, that's a' my complaint,  
 (*Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,*)  
 For, saving your presence, to her you're a saint."  
 (*And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.*)

"It's neither your stot<sup>2</sup> nor your staig<sup>3</sup> I shall crave,  
 (*Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,*)  
 But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have."  
 (*And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.*)

"O welcome, most kindly," the blythe carl said,  
 (*Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,*)  
 "But if ye can match her ye're waur than ye're ca'd."  
 (*And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.*)

The de'il has got the auld wife on his back,  
 (*Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,*)  
 And like a poor pedlar he's carried his pack.  
 (*And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.*)

He's carried her hame, where the pick o' his band  
 (*Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme.*)  
 Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand.  
 (*And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.*)

The carlin<sup>4</sup> gaed thro' them like any wud bear,  
 (*Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,*)  
 Whae'er she got hands on cam' near her nae mair.  
 (*And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.*)

The de'il he swore by the edge of his knife,  
 (*Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,*)  
 He pitied the man that was tied to a wife.  
 (*And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.*)

The Satan has travelled again wi' his pack,  
 (*Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,*)  
 And to her auld husband he's carried her back.  
 (*And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime.*)

"A de'il I hae been for the feck o' my life,  
 (*Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,*)  
 But ne'er was in torments till I met wi' your wife."  
 (*And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.*)

<sup>1</sup> Old man.<sup>2</sup> Young ox.<sup>3</sup> Young horse.<sup>4</sup> Old woman.

# Lady Mary Ann.

BURNS.

*Andante espressivo.*

Air, "Craigston's growing."

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, key of D major. It begins with a treble clef staff containing a series of eighth-note chords and a bass clef staff with a simple harmonic accompaniment. Dynamics include *f con forza* and *dolce*.

The first vocal entry is in 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "O, La-dy Ma-ry Ann Looks o'er the cas-tle wa', She saw three bonnie boys Playing at the ba'; The". The piano part includes a *p* dynamic marking.

The second vocal entry continues the melody. The lyrics are: "young-est, he was The flow-er of them a'— 'My bon-nie laddie's young, But he's grow - in' yet." The piano part includes markings for *cres.*, *rit.*, *a tempo.*, *cres.*, *rit. colla voce.*, *p*, and *a tempo.*

The piano conclusion is in 4/4 time. It features a treble clef staff with a series of eighth-note chords and a bass clef staff with a simple harmonic accompaniment. Dynamics include *f con forza* and *dolce*.

O father, O father!  
 An' ye think it fit,  
 We'll send him a year  
 To the college yet:  
 We'll sew a green ribbon  
 Round about his hat,  
 And that will let them ken.  
 He's to marry yet.

Lady Mary Ann  
 Was a flower i' the dew,  
 Sweet was its smell,  
 And bonnie was its hue;  
 And the langer it blossomed  
 The sweeter it grew;  
 For the lily in the bud  
 Will be bonnier yet.

Young Charlie Cochrane  
 Was the sprout of an aik;  
 Bonnie and bloomin'  
 And straught was its make:  
 The sun took delight  
 To shine for its sake,  
 And it will be the brag  
 O' the forest yet.

The simmer is gane  
 When the leaves they were green,  
 And the days are awa'  
 'That we ha'e seen;  
 But far better days  
 I trust will come again,  
 For my bonnie laddie's young,  
 But he's growin' yet.

## Macgregors' Gathering.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

*Allegro.*

PIANO.

The first system of piano accompaniment is in 6/8 time. The right hand features a continuous eighth-note melody, while the left hand provides a steady bass line with chords. The dynamic marking *pp* is present.

The second system continues the piano accompaniment. It includes dynamic markings *cres.* and *ff*. The right hand melody shows some variation in rhythm, while the left hand maintains the harmonic foundation.

The third system of piano accompaniment features a *pp* dynamic marking. The right hand melody continues with eighth-note patterns, and the left hand provides a consistent bass accompaniment.

The fourth system of piano accompaniment shows the right hand melody becoming more active with some sixteenth-note passages. The left hand continues with a steady bass line.

The fifth system includes a vocal entry marked with a 'C' in a circle. The lyrics are: "The moon's on the lake and the mist's on the brae, And the clan has a name that is". The piano accompaniment continues beneath the vocal line.



nameless by day ; Our sig - nal for fight, which from monarchs we drew, Must be heard but by night in our

venge - ful ha - loo! Then ha - loo, ha - loo, ha - loo! Gre - ga - lach!

*con valere.*  
If they rob us of name and pur - sue us with bea - gles, Give their roofs to the flame, and the

flesh to the ea - gles! Then ga - ther, ga - ther, ga - ther, ga - ther, ga - ther, ga - ther,

ga - ther, While there's leaves in the fo - rest, and foam on the ri - ver, Mac - gre - gor, des - pite them, shall

flou-rish for ev - er.

*ff*

*ff*

*Brillante.*

FINE.

Glen-orchy's proud mountain, Colchurn and her towers, Glenstrae and Glenly - on, no lon-ger are ours, We're

Land-less, land - less, land - less, Gre - ga - lach! Land - less, land - less, land - - less.

*pp*

Thro' the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall career;  
 O'er the peak of Ben Lomond the galley shall steer;  
 And the rocks of Craig Royston like icicles melt,  
 Ere our wrongs be forgot or our vengeance unfelt.  
 Then haloo, haloo, haloo, Gregalach!  
 If they rob us of name and pursue us with beagles,  
 Give their roofs to the flame, and the flesh to the eagles!  
 Then gather, gather, gather, gather, gather, gather!  
 While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the river,  
 Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever!

## Mary Macneil.

ERSKINE CONOLLY.

Air, "Kinloch of Kinloch."

*Teneramente.*

PIANO. *mf*

The last gleam o' sun-set in o - cean was sink-in', O'er

*p*

moun - tain and mea-dow - land glint-in' fare - well; An' thou-sands o' stars in the

hea - vens were blink-in', As bright as the een o' sweet Ma - ry Mac - neil. A'

*più f*



glow-in' wi glad-ness she lean'd on her lov-er, Her een tell-ing se-crets she

*mf*

thought to con-ceed, And fond-ly they wan-der'd where nane might dis-cov-er The

*rit.*

tryst o' young Ro-nald an' Ma-ry Mac-neil.

*colla voce.*

Oh! Mary was modest and pure as the lily,  
 That dew-drops o' mornin' in fragrance reveal;  
 Nae fresh bloomin' flow'ret in hill or in valley  
 Could rival the beauty of Mary Macneil.  
 She moved, and the graces play'd sportive around her,  
 She smiled, and the hearts o' the caulddest wad thrill;  
 She sang, and the mavis cam' listenin' in wonder,  
 To claim a sweet sister in Mary Macneil.

But ae bitter blast on its fair promise blawin',  
 Frae spring a' its beauty and blossoms will steal;  
 An' ae sudden blight on the gentle heart fa'in',  
 Inflicts the deep wound nothing earthly can heal.  
 The simmer saw Ronald on glory's path hiein'—  
 The autumn, his corse on the red battle-field,  
 The winter, the maiden found heart-broken, dyin';  
 An' spring, the green turf over Mary Macneil!

# Mary of Argyle.

C. JEFFREYS.

*Poco allegretto e con delicatezza.*

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, key of D major. The right hand features a flowing melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *cres. mf* (crescendo mezzo-forte).

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line continues the harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands. The dynamic *p* (piano) is indicated.

I have heard the ma-vis sing-ing His

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line includes a brief melodic entry in the right hand. Dynamics include *cres.* (crescendo), *ff* (fortissimo), and *p* (piano).

love-song to the morn, I have seen the dew-drop clinging To the rose just new-ly born; But a

The piano accompaniment for the third vocal line continues with harmonic support. Dynamics include *ff* (fortissimo).

sweeter song has cheer'd me At the ev'ning's gentle close, And I've seen an eye still brighter Than the

*cres.*

*ritard.* *a tempo.*  
dewdrop on the rose; 'Twas thy voice, my gen-tle Ma-ry, And thine art-less winning smile, That

*mf colla voce.* *a tempo.*

*ad lib.*  
made this world an E-den, Bon-ny Ma-ry of Ar-gyle!

*mf* *ad lib.* *cres.* *a tempo.*

*f*

Though thy voice may lose its sweetness,  
And thine eye its brightness too;  
Though thy step may lack its fleetness,  
And thy hair its sunny hue:  
Still to me wilt thou be dearer  
Than all the world can own;  
I have lov'd thee for thy beauty,  
But not for that alone:  
I have watch'd thy heart, dear Mary,  
And its goodness was the wile,  
That has made thee mine for ever,  
Bonny Mary of Argyle.



## McPherson's Farewell.

BURNS.

*Con moto maestoso.*

Air, "McPherson's Rant."

PIANO.

Fare-well, ye dungeons dark and strong, The wretch's des-tin-ie! Mc -

pherson's time will not be long On yon-der gal-lows - tree. Sae rant-ing-ly,<sup>1</sup> sae wan-ton-ly, sae

daunting-ly gaed he; He play'd a spring<sup>2</sup> and danc'd it round Be - low the gal-lows tree.

Ped. \*

Oh! what is death but parting breath?  
On many a bloody plain  
I've dared his face, and in this place  
I scorn him yet again!  
Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie these bands from off my hands,  
And bring to me my sword!  
And there's no man in all Scotland  
But I'll brave him at a word.  
Sae rantingly, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Joyously.

I've lived a life of sturt and strife;  
I die by treacherie:  
It burns my heart I must depart,  
And not avenged be.  
Sae rantingly, &c.

Now farewell light—thou sunshine bright.  
And all beneath the sky!  
May coward shame disdain his name,  
The wretch that dare not die!  
Sae rantingly, &c.

\* Cheerful tune.

## Mirk and rainy is the Night.

TANNAHILL.

*Andante moderato.*

Air, "Oh, are ye sleeping, Maggie?"

PIANO. *mf* *dim.* *mp*

Mirk<sup>1</sup> and rain - y is the night,

*cres.*

No a starn in a' the car - ry,<sup>2</sup> Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,<sup>3</sup> And winds drive wi' winter's fu-ry.

*cres.*

*f* *mf*

Oh, are ye sleeping, Maggie? Oh, are ye sleeping, Mag-gie? Let me in, for loud the linn<sup>4</sup> Is

roar - ing o'er the war-lock<sup>5</sup> craig-ie.

*mf* *dim.*

Fearfu' soughs<sup>6</sup> the boortree<sup>7</sup> bank,  
The rifted wood roars wild and dreary;  
Loud the iron yett<sup>8</sup> does clank,  
And cry o' howlets<sup>9</sup> mak's me eerie.  
Oh! are ye sleeping? &c.

Aboon<sup>10</sup> my breath I dourna speak,  
For fear I rouse your waukrife<sup>11</sup> daddie;  
Cauld's the blast upon my cheek,  
Oh, rise, rise, my bonnie lady!  
Oh! are ye sleeping? &c.

She op't the door, she let him in;  
He cuist<sup>12</sup> aside his dreepin' plaidie;  
Blaw your warst, ye rain and win',  
Since, Maggie, now I'm in aside ye.  
Now, since ye're wakin', Maggie!  
Now, since ye're wakin', Maggie!  
What care I for howlets cry,  
For boortree bank or warlock craigie.

<sup>1</sup> Dark. <sup>2</sup> Firmament. <sup>3</sup> Sky. <sup>4</sup> Water-fall. <sup>5</sup> The Wizard's Crag. <sup>6</sup> Sighs.  
<sup>7</sup> Shrub, elder <sup>8</sup> Gate. <sup>9</sup> Owl. <sup>10</sup> Above. <sup>11</sup> Not apt to sleep. <sup>12</sup> Cast.



## Jacobite Song.

## Mother, Mother, hear the news.

*Allegretto con anima.*

PIANO. *f*

*mf agitato.*

Mo-ther, mo-ther, hear the news, Hear the news, hear the news, Mo-ther, mother, hear the news, Sic

*mp* *cres.*

news I hae to tell ye. As I cam' frae my aunt-y Phenny, There I met my cou-sin Ja-mie, He

*p* *cres.*

*f*

bade me tell ye he gaed wi' me, For he had news to tell me. Mother, mother, hear the news, Sic

*f*

news I hae to tell ye!

*f*

Mother, mother, hear the news,  
Hear the news, hear the news;  
Mother, mother, hear the news,  
Sic news I hae to tell ye.  
The Whigs hae made anither King,  
Some unco' wee bit German thing;  
Some feather out o' Willie's wing,  
Deil tak' them down below for't.  
Mother, mother, hear the news,  
Sic news I hae to tell ye!

<sup>1</sup> In a flame.

Mother, mother, hear the news,  
Hear the news, hear the news;  
Mother, mother, hear the news,  
Sic news I hae to tell ye.  
Wi' rage it sets my heart alow,<sup>1</sup>  
That on his ugly German pow  
They've set our Prince's Crown! I vow  
I wish their lugs<sup>2</sup> may yell for't.  
Mother, mother, hear the news,  
Sic news I hae to tell ye!

<sup>2</sup> Ears.



# Musing on the roaring Ocean.

BURNS.

*Poco adagio espressivo.**teneramente.*

PIANO.

Mus - ing.... on the roar - ing o - cean,

Which di - vides my love and me Wea - ry - ing heav'n, in warm de - vo - tion,

For his weal wher - e'er he..... be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow  
 Yielding late to Nature's law;  
 Whispering spirits round my pillow  
 Talk of him that's far awa'.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,  
 Ye who never shed a tear,  
 Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,  
 Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me!  
 Downy sleep, the curtain draw!  
 Spirits kind, again attend me,  
 Talk of him that's far awa'.

Old Words.

## My Father has forty good Shillings.

Old Air.

*Andante scherzoso.*

PIANO. *f* *mf*

My fa-ther has for - ty good shillings,

Ha! ha! good shillings, And nev - er a daugh-ter but I; My mo-ther she is right wil-ling,

Ha! ha! right willing, That I shall have all when they die. And I won - der when I'll be married,

Ha! ha! be married, My beau-ty be-gins to de-cay, It's time to catch haud o'some-bo-dy,

*cres. molto.* *dim.* *cres. molto.*

Ha! ha! o'somebody, Ere it be a'run away: And I wonder when I'll be married.

*p* *pp*

My shoes they are at the mending,  
My buckles they are in the chest,  
My stockings are ready for sending,  
Then I'll be as braw<sup>1</sup> as the rest.  
And I wonder, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Smart.

My father will buy me a ladle,  
At my wedding we'll hae a good sang,  
For my uncle will buy me a cradle,  
To rock my child in when it's young.  
And I wonder, &c.

Sva.

# My Harry was a Gallant gay.

BURNS.

*Alla marcìa, ma lento.*

Air, "The Highlander's Lament."

PIANO. *mf*

My

Har-ry was a gal-lant gay, Fu' state-ly strode he on the plain, But now he's ban-ish'd far a-way, I'll

CHORUS. *mf*

nev - er see him back a - gain. Oh, for him back a - gain! Oh, for him back a - gain! I

*mf marcato.*

wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land For Highland Harry back a - gain.

8va.

When a' the lave<sup>1</sup> gae to their bed,  
I wander dowie<sup>2</sup> up the glen;  
I set me down and greet my fill,  
And aye I wish him back again.

Oh, for him, &amp;c.

Rest of the household.

Oh, were some villains hangit high,  
And ilka body had their ain!  
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,  
My Highland Harry back again.

Oh, for him, &amp;c.

<sup>2</sup> Sadly.



# My love was born in Aberdeen.

Jacobite Song.

*Allegretto marcato.*

Air, "The White Cockade."

**PIANO.**

*f* *mf* *ten.*

My love was born in  
I'll sell my rock, my

A - ber-deen, The bon-niest lad that e'er was seen; But now he makes our hearts fu' sad, He  
reel, my tow, My gude grey mare and haw-kit cow, To buy my - sel' a tar-tan plaid, To

**CHORUS. *f***

takes the field wi' his White Cockade. Oh, he's a rant-ing, rov-ing lad, He is a brisk and  
fol-low the boy wi' the White Cockade. } *f*

bon - ny lad, Be - tide what may, I will be wed, And fol-low the boy with the White Cockade.

*f* *mf* *p* *pp*

## O Bothwell Bank.

*Con dolore.*

PIANO.

O Both-well  
Sad he left

Bank, thou bloomest fair, But ah, thou mak'st my heart fu' sair; For a' be-neath thy woods sae  
me ae drea-ry day, And hap-lie now sleeps in the clay; Without ae sigh his death to .

green, My love and I would sit at e'en; While daisies and primro-ses mix'd Wi' bluebells  
moan, Without ae flow'r his grave to crown; O whi-ther is my lo-ver gone? A-las! I

*rit.* *> p* *rit. e dim.*  
in my locks he fix'd. } O Bothwell Bank, thou bloomest fair, But ah! thou mak'st my heart fu'  
fear he'll ne'er re - turn. }

sair.....  
*mf*

## Och hey! Johnnie lad.

R. TANNAHILL.

Air, "The Lasses of the Ferry."

*Lively*

PIANO. *f* *mf*

Och, hey, John-nie lad, Ye're

no saekind's yeshould hae been; Och, hey! John-nie lad, Ye did - na keep your tryst<sup>1</sup> yestreen. I

wait-ed lang be-side the wood, Sae wae<sup>2</sup> and wea-ry a' my lane; Och, hey! John-nie lad, Ye're

*dim.*

no sae kind's ye should hae been.

I looked by the whinny knowe,  
 I looked by the firs sae green,  
 I looked owre the spunkie howe<sup>3</sup>.—  
 And aye I thought ye wad hae been.  
 The ne'er a supper crossed my craig,<sup>4</sup>  
 The ne'er a sleep has closed my eer,  
 Och, hey! Johnnie lad,  
 Ye're no sae kind's ye should hae been.

Gin ye were waiting by the wood,  
 Then I was waiting by the thorn—  
 I thought it was the place we set,  
 And waited maist till dawning morn.  
 Sae be na vex'd, my bonnie lassie,  
 Let my waiting stand for thine,  
 We'll awa' to Craigton Shaw,  
 And seek the joys we tint<sup>5</sup> yestreen.

<sup>1</sup> Tryst; Engagement to meet. <sup>2</sup> Sad. <sup>3</sup> Hollow ground haunted by the *ignis fatuus*. <sup>4</sup> Throat. <sup>5</sup> Lost



## Oh, aye my wife she dang me.

BURNS.

*Briskly.*

Air, "My wife she dang me."

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The melody is played in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the accompaniment features chords and single notes.

The first vocal entry is in the treble clef, with lyrics: "Oh, aye my wife she dang<sup>1</sup> me, An' aft my wife did bang me; If ye Some sair - ie com - fort still at last, When a' their days are done man; My". The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef, with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

The second vocal entry is in the treble clef, with lyrics: "gie a wo - man a' her will, Gude faith she'll soon o'er - gang ye! On peace and rest my pains o' hell on earth are past—I'm sure o' bliss a - boon, man. O, aye my wife she". The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef, continuing the harmonic support with chords and single notes.

The third vocal entry is in the treble clef, with lyrics: "mind was bent, And, fool I was, I mar - ried, But nev - er ho - nest dang me, And aft my wife did bang me; If ye gie a wo - man". The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef, with a piano (*p*) dynamic for the first part and mezzo-forte (*mf*) for the second part. The melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

The fourth vocal entry is in the treble clef, with lyrics: "man's in - tent As cur - sed - ly mis - car - ried. a' her will, Gude faith she'll soon o'er - gang ye." The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef, with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

<sup>1</sup> Struck.

# Oh, can ye sew Cushions?

(OLD HIGHLAND CRADLE SONG.)

*Andante tranquillo.*

Oh, can ye sew

PIANO. *p* *pp*

cush-ions? an' can ye sew sheets? An' can ye sing "Bal-lu - loo" when the bairn

*poco cres.* *rit. e dim.* *Tempo. dolce.*

greet's? An' hee an' baw bird - ie, an' hee and baw lamb, An' hee an' baw

*poco cres.* *rit. e dim.* *Tempo. p*

bird - ie, my bon - nie wee lamb.

*colla voce.* *cres.*

*1st time only.*

\* 2nd time from here to \* on page 111.

*Più moto e scherzando.**sostenuto.*

Hee O! wee O! What shall I do wi' you? Black's the life that

*mp* *p*

I lead wi' you!..... Mon - ny, O I've lit - tle for to gie you;

*Lento.* *rall.*

Hee O! wee O! What shall I do wi' you?.....

*p* *rall.*

*\* 2nd time.*

Oh, lamb.....

*D.C. al §*

*pp pp dim. . . al . . . ppp*



## Oh, gin I were where Gadie rins.

JOHN IMLAH.

Bagpipe Air, "Where Gadie rins."

*Andante moderato.*

PIANO. *mf* *ten.* *p*

gin I were where Ga - die rins, Where Ga - die rins, where Ga - die rins, Oh,

*cres.*

gin I were where Ga - die rins, By the foot o' Ben - na - chie! I've roam'd by Tweed, I've

roam'd by Tay, By bor - der Nith and High - land Spey, But dear - er far to

me than they, The braes o' Ben-na-chie! Oh, gin I were where

*p*

Ped.

Gad-ie rins, Where Ga-die rins, where Ga-die rins, Oh, gin I were where

*dim.* *pp*

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

*For following Verses D.C. al S*

Gad-ie rins, By the foot o' Ben-na-chie!.....

*p* *molto rall.*

When simmer cleads the varied scene—  
 Wi' licht o' gowd and leaves o' green,  
 I fain wad be where aft I've been—  
 At the foot o' Bennachie!  
 O gin I were, &c.

When winter winds blaw sharp and shrill,  
 O'er icy burn and sheeted hill,  
 The ingle neuk is gleesome still  
 At the foot o' Bennachie!  
 O gin I were, &c.

Though few to welcome me remain;  
 Though a' I loved are dead and gane;  
 I'll back, though I should live alane,  
 To the foot o' Bennachie!  
 O gin I were, &c.

## Oh, Kenmure's on and awa', Willie.

BURNS.

*Allegretto.*

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in G minor, 6/8 time, marked *Allegretto*. It consists of two staves. The right staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The left staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. The music starts with a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic, followed by a *cres.* (crescendo) leading to a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic. The introduction features a series of chords and moving lines in both hands, ending with a final chord.

The first system shows the vocal entry and the beginning of the piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right staff in treble clef and the left staff in bass clef. The vocal line begins with the word "Oh," followed by a series of notes. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a bass line. The dynamic is marked *p* (piano) at the start of the vocal line.

The second system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right staff in treble clef and the left staff in bass clef. The vocal line includes the lyrics "Kenmure'son and a - wa', Wil-lie, Oh, Ken-mure'son and a - wa';..... And". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line. The dynamic is marked *p* (piano) at the start of the piano part.

The third system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right staff in treble clef and the left staff in bass clef. The vocal line includes the lyrics "Ken - mure's lord's the brav - est lord That ev - er Gal - lo-way saw.....". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line. The dynamic is marked *p* (piano) at the start of the piano part.



*cres.*

Suc - cess to Ken-mure's band, Wil-lie, Suc - cess to Ken-mure's band!..... There's

*cres.*

no a heart that fears a Whig, That rides in Ken-mure's band....

*f* *sf*

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,  
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine;  
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,  
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line.  
 Oh, Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,  
 Oh, Kenmure's lads are men;  
 Their hearts and swords are metal true,  
 And that their foes shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie,  
 They'll live or die wi' fame;  
 But soon, wi' sounding victorie,  
 May Kenmare's lord come hame!  
 Here's him that's far awa', Willie,  
 Here's him that's far awa';  
 And here's the flower that I lo'e best,  
 The rose that's like the snaw.

# Oh, bonnie was yon rosy Brier.

BURNS.

*Andante non troppo.*

Old Air, "The wee, wee Man."

Oh, bon - nie was yon ro - sy brier That  
All in its rude and prick - ly bow'r, That

PIANO. *p*

blooms sae far frae haunts o' man, And bon - nie she, and oh! how dear, It  
crim - son rose, how sweet and fair; But love is far a sweet - er flow'r A -

shad - ed frae the ev' - ning sun. Yon rose - buds in the morn - ing dew, How  
- mid life's thorn - y path o' care. The path - less wild, and wim - pling burn, Wi'

pure, a - mang the leaves sae green, But pu - rer was the lov - er's vow They  
Chlo - ris in my arms, be mine; And I the world nor wish, nor scorn, Its

wit - ness'd in their shade yes-treen.  
joys and griefs a - like re - sign.

*mf* *p*

## Oh, lay thy Loof in mine, Lass.

BURNS.

*Andante espressivo.*

Air, "The Cordwainer's March."

Oh, lay thy loof<sup>1</sup> in mine, lass, In

PIANO. *mf* *p*

*poco cres.* mine, lass, in mine, lass, And swear on thy white hand, lass, That thou wilt be my ain..... A There's

*poco cres.* *p* *mf*

*cres.* slave to love's unbound-ed sway, He aft has wrought me mei-kle wae; But now, he is my dead-lie fae, Un-mo-ny a lass has broke my rest, That for a blink<sup>2</sup> I hae lo'ed best; But thou art queen within my breast For

*poco cres.* less thou't be my ain..... } Oh, lay thy loof in mine, lass, In mine, lass, in mine, lass, And  
ev - er to re-main.....

*p* *poco cres.*

*D.C. al §* swear on thy white hand, lass, That thou wilt be my ain.

*p*

<sup>1</sup> Palm of the hand.

H. 1102.

<sup>2</sup> A short time.



# Oh, raging Fortune's withering Blast.

BURNS.

*Poco agitato, ma lento.*

Air, "Tam Lin."

**PIANO.**

*mf* *mp*

Oh, ra-ging fortune's with'ring blast Has

*mf* *mf*

laid my leaf full low! Oh, ra - ging fortune's with'ring blast Has laid my leaf full low! My

*più moto.* *più moto.*

stem was fair, my bud was green, My blossom sweet did blow; The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild, And

*Tempo 1mo.* *p*

made my branches grow. But luck-less fortune's north-ern storms Laid a' my blossoms low; But

*marcato.* *dim. e rit.* *dim. e rit.* *p* *pp*

luck-less fortune's northern storms Laid a' my blos-soms low.

## Oh! Thou art all so tender.

REV. HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL.  
*Andante.*

Air, "My love has forsaken me."

PIANO.

Oh! thou art all so ten - der, so love - ly, and mild, That  
heart can ne - ver wan - der, which thou hast be - guil'd. Pure as the calm e -  
- mo - tion of half re - mem - ber'd joy, And fair as fair - est blos - som, That  
o - pens to the sky.

Though long and deep my sorrow, all lonely thus may be,  
Oh! still my heart shall borrow a ray of joy from thee!  
To thee the charms seem given of earth that never sprung,  
The melting hymns of heaven are round thy spirit sung.

Then let thy form be near me, that I that form may see,  
I've tried to live, but eerie, I cannot live from thee;  
Nor grudge deep kindness either, to sooth me when I sigh,  
I know thou'lt give it rather than thou would'st see me die.

Though mine thou may'st be never, and ceaseless woes betide,  
Still nought on earth shall ever my love from thee divide;  
My mind may cease to cherish the hope of bliss to be,  
But of the hopes that perish the last shall breathe of thee.



## Oh, wae upon that fearfu' deed.

*Poco lento e con gran espress.*

Air, "Ochoin Ochri, Oh!"

PIANO.

*mp con espress.*

Oh! wae up - on that fear - fu'

*p* *rit.* *pp*

deed, Oh, on - o - chri, oh! Oh,..... on - o - chri, oh! That

*cres.*

caus'd my own true love to bleed, Oh, on - o - chri,

*pp* *p*

on - o - chri, on - o - chri..... oh! Our hands had

*p sostenuto.* *p*



scarce been join'd..... when oh! Oh, on - o - chri,

*dim.*

*cres.*

oh,..... Oh,..... on - o - chri, oh! The ruth - less

*dim.* *mf*

*dim.* *mp*

band..... my love..... laid low, Oh,..... on - o - chri,

*dim.*

*dim.* *p*

on - o - chri, on - o - chri,.... oh!

*ad lib.*

*p* *colla voce.* *pp* *R.H.* *sf*

I wander sad, and tears of woe,  
 Oh, onochri, oh! Oh, onochri, oh!  
 Bedew my cheeks where e'er I go,  
 Oh, onochri, onochri, onochri, oh!  
 May death my grieving heart soon free,  
 Oh, onochri, oh! Oh, onochri, oh!  
 'Tis sweeter now than life to me,  
 Oh, onochri, onochri, onochri, oh!

## Oh! were I on Parnassus Hill.

BURNS.

Air, "My Love is lost to me."

*Andante espressivo.*

PIANO. *mf*

Oh! were I on Par - nas - sus Hill, And had o' Hel - i -

*p*

Ped. \* Ped. \*

- con my fill, That I might catch po - et - ic skill, To sing how dear I

Ped. \* Ped. \*

*mf*

love thee, But Nith maun be my Mu - - se's wei... My

*mf*

Muse maun be thy bon - nie sel', On Cor - si - con I'll

*p cres.*

glow'r..... and spell, And write how dear I love thee.

*p* *mf* *pp*

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay  
 For a' the lee-lang simmer's day,  
 I couldna sing, I couldna say  
     How much, how dear I love thee.  
 I see thee dancing over the green,  
 Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,  
 Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—  
     By heaven and earth I love thee.

By night, by day—a-field, at hame—  
 The thoughts of thee my breast inflame!  
 And aye I muse and sing thy name—  
     I only live to love thee.  
 Though I were doomed to wander on,  
 Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,  
 Till my last weary sand was run,  
     Till then—and then I'll love thee.



# Oh, wha's at the Window, wha, wha?

ALEXANDER CARLILE (of Paisley.)

R. A. SMITH.

*Andante con moto.*

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, marked *Andante con moto*. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a melody in the right hand, marked *mf*, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

The first vocal entry is on a single staff, with the lyrics "O wha's at the win - dow, wha, wha? O wha's at the win - dow, wha, wha? Wha but". The piano accompaniment is in two staves, marked *p* (piano). The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment.

The second vocal entry is on a single staff, with the lyrics "blythe Ja-mie Glen, He's come sax miles and ten, To tak' bon-nie Jeannie a - wa', a - wa', To". The piano accompaniment continues in two staves, maintaining the harmonic support for the vocal line.

The third vocal entry is on a single staff, with the lyrics "tak' bon-nie Jean - nie a - wa'.....". The piano accompaniment continues in two staves, marked *mf* (mezzo-forte) towards the end of the section.

He has plighted his troth, and a', and a',  
 Leal love to gi'e, and a', and a';  
 And say has she dune,  
 By a' that's abune,  
 For he lo'es her, she lo'es him, 'bune a', 'bune a',  
 He lo'es her, she lo'es him, 'bune a'.  
 Bridal maidens are braw, are braw,  
 Bridal maidens are braw, are braw;  
 But the bride's modest e'e,  
 And warm cheek are to me,  
 'Bune pearlins and brooches, and a', and a',  
 'Bune pearlins and brooches, and a'.

There's mirth on the green, in the ha', the ha',  
 There's mirth on the green, in the ha', the ha';  
 There's laughing, there's quaffing,  
 There's jesting, there's daffing,  
 And the bride's father's blythest of a', of a',  
 And the bride's father's blythest of a'.  
 It's no' that she's Jamie's ava, ava,  
 It's no' that she's Jamie's ava, ava  
 That my heart is sae cerie,  
 When a' the lave's cheerie,  
 But it's just that she'll aye be awa', awa'.  
 It's just that she'll aye be awa'.

## Oh, wha's for Scotland and Charlie?

Jacobite Song.

Jacobite Air.

*Con anima.*

PIANO. *f*

Oh, wha's for Scotland and Char - lie? Oh, wha's for Scotland and Char - lie? He's

*leggiero.*

come o'er the sea to his ain coun-trie, Now, wha's for Scot-land and Char - lie? A -

wa', a-wa', auld car - lie, A - wa', a-wa', auld car - lie, Gi'e Char-lie his crown, and

let him sit down, Whaur ye've been sae lang, auld car - lie!

It's up in the morning early,  
It's up in the morning early:  
The bonnie white rose,  
The plaid, and the hose,  
Are on for Scotland and Charlie.  
The swords are drawn now fairly,  
The swords are drawn now fairly,  
The swords they are drawn,  
And the pipes they hae blawn  
A pibroch for Scotland and Charlie.

The flags are fleeing fu' rarely,  
The flags are fleeing fu' rarely;  
And Charlie's awa'  
To see his ain ha',  
And to bang his faes right sairly.  
Then wha's for Scotland and Charlie?  
Then wha's for Scotland and Charlie?  
He's come o'er the sea  
To his ain countrie,  
Then wha's for Scotland and Charlie?

# 0 lassie, art thou sleeping yet?

BURNS.

Air, "Let me in this ae nicht."

*Andante.*

PIANO.

*p**mp**dim.**p**cres.**cres.*CHORUS. *mf**mf*



ae..... night; For pi - ty's sake, this ae..... night, Oh, rise and let me

in, jo!

*Ped.* \*

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,  
 Nae star blinks through the driving sleet;  
 Tak' pity on my wearie feet,  
 And shield me frae the rain, jo.  
 Oh, let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blows,  
 Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;  
 The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause  
 O' a' my grief and pain, jo.  
 Oh, let me in, &c.

## HER ANSWER.\*

Oh, tell na me of wind and rain,  
 Upbraid na me with cauld disdain!  
 Gae back the gate ye cam' again,  
 I winna let you in, jo.  
 I tell you now, this ae night,  
 This ae, ae, ae, night;  
 And, ance for a', this ae night,  
 I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,  
 That round the pathless wand'rer pours,  
 Is naught to what poor she endures,  
 That trusted faithless man, jo.  
 I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flow'r that decked the mead,  
 Now trodden like the vilest weed,  
 Let simple maid the lesson read,  
 The weird may be her ain, jo.  
 I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer day,  
 Is now the cruel fowler's prey;  
 Let witless, trusting woman say.  
 How aft her fate's the same, jo.  
 I tell you now, &c.

\* The first verse of the answer may be substituted for the last of the song; or a verse of each may be sung alternately

# O Love, thou delight'st in Man's ruin.

Air, "Miss Weir."

*Andante tranquillo.*

PIANO

O Love, thou de-light'st in man's ru - in, Thy con - quests they

cost us full dear, Maun I for - feit my life for the view - ing The

charms o' that love - ly Miss Weir. Tho' some - times thou bid'st me as -

pire..... A - gain thou dis - tract'st me wi' fear, And en - vy o'

ane that is high - er Wha's ev'nd to the charm - ing Miss Weir.

As down in yon valley a-walking  
 Whare nae christened creature was near,  
 The birds all around me were talking  
 O' naething but charming Miss Weir.  
 That sweet little bird ca'd the linnnet,  
 In accents delightfully dear,  
 Declared to the world, that within it  
 Was nought like the lovely Miss Weir.

O Cupid ! my head it is muddy,  
 I wish it may ever be clear,  
 For ay, when I sit down to study,  
 My mind rins on charming Miss Weir.  
 I'm lost like a ship on the ocean,  
 That kens na what course for to steer;  
 Yet at times I'm as vain in my notion  
 As hope for the lovely Miss Weir.



## On Cessnock Banks.

BURNS. (Verses 7 to 11 omitted.)

Air, "Salt fish and dumplings."

*Allegretto non troppo.*

Allegretto non troppo.

rit. a tempo.

**PIANO.** *f* *molto dim.* *p*

On Cess-nock banks a las - sie dwells; Could I des - cribe her shape and mien, Our

las - sies a' she far ex - cels, An' she's twa..... spark - ling ro - guish een. She's

*p* *f*

*con anima.*

sweet - er than the morn - ing dawn, When ris - ing Phœ - bus first is seen, And  
ten.

dew - drops twin - kle o'er the lawn, An' she's twa..... spark - ling ro - guish een.

*rit.* *a tempo.*

*f* *molto dim.* *p*

She's stately, like yon youthful ash,  
 That grows the cowslip braes between,  
 And drinks the stream with vigour fresh.  
 An' she's twa sparkling, roguish een.  
 She's spotless, like the flowering thorn,  
 With flowers so white and leaves so green,  
 When purest in the dewy morn;  
 An' she's twa sparkling roguish een.

Her looks are like the vernal May,  
 When evening Phœbus shines serene,  
 While birds rejoice on every spray;  
 An' she's twa sparkling, roguish een.  
 Her hair is like the curling mist,  
 That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en,  
 When flower-reviving rains are past;  
 An' she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

. . . . .

Her voice is like the evening thrush,  
 That sings on Cessnock banks unseen,  
 While his mate sits nestling in the bush;  
 An' she's twa sparkling, roguish een.  
 But it's not her air, her form, her face,  
 Though matching Beauty's fabled queen;  
 Tis the mind that shines in every grace,  
 An' chiefly in her roguish een.

# O Tibbie, I ha'e seen the day.

BURNS (when 17 years old).

Air, "Invercauld's Reel."

*Moderato e ben marcato.*

PIANO. *mf*

CHORUS. *mf*

O Tib-bie,<sup>1</sup> I ha'e seen the day, Ye wad nae been sae shy; For

SOLO. *mf*

laik o' gear ye light-ly me, But, trowth, I care na by. Yes - treen I met you on the moor, Ye

spak' na, but gaed by likestoure, Ye geck at me because I'm poor, But fient a hair care I!



## CHORUS.

O Tibbie, I ha'e seen the day, Ye wad nae been saeshy; For laik o' gear yelicht-ly me, But,

*For following Verses D.C. al §*

rowth, I care na by.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,  
Because ye ha'e the name o' clink,  
That ye can please me at a wink,  
Whene'er you like to try.

But sorrow tak' him that's sae mean,  
Although his pouch o' coin were clean,  
Wha follows such a saucy quean,  
That looks sae proud and high.

Although a lad were e'er sae smart,  
If that he want the yellow dirt,  
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,  
And answer him fu' dry.

But if he ha'e the name o' gear,  
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,  
Though hardly he, for sense or lear,  
Be better than the kye.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak' my advice:  
Your daddie's gear mak's you sae nice;  
The de'il a ane wad spier your price,  
Were ye as poor as I.

There lives a lass in yonder park,  
I would nae gi'e her in her sark  
For thee, wi' a' thy thousan' mark!  
Ye need na look sae high.

<sup>1</sup> "Tibbie" was the daughter of a portioner of Kyle—i.e., the proprietor of three acres of peat-moss—who thought herself rich enough to treat a ploughman with contempt.

# Out over the Forth.

BURNS.

Air, "Charlie Gordon's welcome hame."

*Con tristezza.*

PIANO. *mf*

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. It features a treble staff with a single eighth rest followed by a whole rest, and a bass staff with a melodic line of eighth and sixteenth notes. The dynamic is marked *mf*.

Out o - ver the Forth I look to the north, But

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the treble staff and piano accompaniment in the bass staff. The lyrics "Out o - ver the Forth I look to the north, But" are written below the vocal line.

what is the north and its High-lands to me? The south nor the east gie

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics "what is the north and its High-lands to me? The south nor the east gie" are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes a *p* (piano) dynamic marking.

ease to my breast, The far fo - reign land, or the wide rol - ling sea. But I

look to the west when I gae..... to rest, That hap - py my dreams and my

slum - bers may be; For far in the west lives he I lo'e best, The

lad that is dear to his ba - bie and me.



# O' mighty Nature's handiworks.

(MY GODDESS, WOMAN.)

MR. LEARMONT (of Dalkeith).

Air, "The Butcher Boy."

*Allegretto.*

PIANO.

migh - ty Nature'shan - di - works, The common and uncommon, There's nocht, thro' a' her lim - its wide, Can

be com - par'd to wo - man. The far - mer toils, the merchant trokes¹ Frae daw - in'² to the gloam - in', The

far - mer's pains, the merchant's cares, Are baith to please a wo - man!

The sailor spreads the daring sail,  
Thro' angry seas a foaming;  
The jewels, gems o' foreign shores,  
He gi'es to please a woman.  
The sodger fights o'er crimson fields,  
In distant climates roaming;  
Yet lays wi' pride his laurels down  
Before all-conquering woman.

¹ Barters.

² Sunrise

A monarch lea's his golden throne  
Wi' other men in common;  
He flings aside his crown, and kneels  
A subject to a woman.  
Tho' I had a' e'er man possessed,  
Barbarian, Greek, or Roman;  
It wad nae a' be worth a strae³  
Without my goddess, woman.

³ Straw.

# Peggie, now the King's come.

RAMSAY.

Air, "Carle, an the King come."

PIANO.

*Allegretto.*  
*mf cres.*

Peg - gie, now the King's come, Peg - gie, now the King's come, Thou may dance and

*rit.* *a tempo.*  
I shall sing, Peg - gie, since the King's come. Nae mair the haw - kies<sup>1</sup> shalt thou milk, But

*rit.* *a tempo.* *cres.*

change thy plaid - en coat for silk, And be a la - dy of that ilk, Now, Peg - gie, since the

*cres.* *f*

King's come.

*f* *mp*

<sup>1</sup> White-faced cow.

# Queen Mary's Farewell to Alloa.

A. M. M'LAREN.

Air, 'Alloa House.'

*Lento assai.* *mp*

Fare -

PIANO *mf* *p*

*con espress.*

- - well, wind-ing stream, flow-ing on to the sea; Fare - well, peace-ful

*poco cres.*

groves, and my sweet wood-bine bow'r; Fare - well, lof - ty pines, with your

*mf* *p* *mf*

crests wav - ing free, A - bove the proud tur - rets of Al - lo - a Tow'r!

*cres.* *p*



Here, here was re - pose for my poor wea - ry heart, When foes gath - er'd

round, and.... friends prov'd un - true; Fare - well! Ma - ry Stu - art a -

- gain must de - part, To sigh for the peace she has found but in you.

*mf*

[ mark, as I stand looking mournfully round,  
 Yon cloud drifted on by the rude northern wind,  
 Low dragging its folds o'er the darkening ground,  
 And leaving its path in sad shadows behind:  
 Ah! frail drooping cloud! to those groves dost thou flee  
 To nestle and rest—in vain, ah, in vain!  
 Thou art torn, clinging fondly to turret and tree,  
 Away o'er the valley, dissolving in rain.

E'en so am I borne on my darkening way,  
 On helplessly hurried by Faction's rude blast,  
 While shines in the future no welcoming ray,  
 And glimmers, consoling, no light in the past:  
 Here, here was repose for my poor weary heart,  
 Release from its wrongs—relief from its fears;  
 Farewell!—Mary Stuart again must depart,  
 But clinging in fondness and melting in tears.

# Queen Mary's Lament.

MRS. JOHN HUNTER.

Said to be by GIORDANI.

*Andante, quasi Larghetto.*

PIANO. *mf*

sigh and la - ment me in vain, These walks can but ech - o my

moan; A - las! it in - creas - es my pain, To think of the

days that are gone. Thro' the grates of my pri - son I.....

*Poco agitato.*

see, The birds as they wan - ton in air;..... My heart! how it

*Poco agitato.*

pants to be free,..... My looks they are wild with de -

*p*

- spair.

*dim.* *p* *pp*

Ye roofs, where cold damps and dismays  
 With silence and solitude dwell—  
 How comfortless passes the day,  
 How sad tolls the evening bell!  
 The owls from the battlements cry,  
 Hollow winds seem to murmur around,—  
 "O Mary, prepare thee to die!"  
 My blood it runs cold at the sound.

Unchanged by the rigours of fate,  
 I burn with contempt for my foes;  
 Though Fortune has clouded my state,  
 This hope shall enlighten its close.  
 False woman! in ages to come.  
 Thy malice detested shall be;  
 And when we are cold in the tomb,  
 The heart still shall sorrow for me



# Rab Roryson's Bonnet.

TANNAHILL.

*Allegretto scherzoso.*

CHORUS.

PIANO.

*f*

Ye'll

*f*

a' hae heard tell o' Rab Ror - y - son's bon-net, Ye'll a' hae heard tell o' Rab

Ror - y - son's bon-net, 'Twas no for it - sel', 'twas the head that was in it, Gar'd'

a' bo-dies talk o' Rab Ror - y - son's bon-net.

*f*

FINE. SOLO.

This bon-net that thee-kit<sup>2</sup> his

*mp*

won - der-fu' head, Was his shel - ter in win - ter, in sim - mer his shade; And at

*cres.*

D.C. al § FOR CHORUS.

kirk, or at mar-ket, or bri - dals, I ween, A braw gaw-cier<sup>3</sup> bon-net there nev-er was seen.

*rit. a tempo. rit. f a tempo. rit.*

Wi' a round rosy tap like a mickle black boyd,  
It was slouched just a kenning<sup>4</sup> on ither hand side;  
Some maintained it was black, some maintained it  
was blue,  
It had something o' baith, as a body may trow.  
Ye'll a' hae heard tell, &c.

But, in sooth, I assure you, for aught that I saw,  
Still his bonnet had naething uncommon ava',<sup>5</sup>  
Though the whole parish talked o' Rab Roryson's  
bonnet,  
'Twas a' for the marvellous head that was in it.  
Ye'll a' hae heard tell, &c.

That head, let it rest, it is now in the mools,<sup>6</sup>  
Though in life a' the warld beside it were fools;  
Yet o' what kind of wisdom his head was possessed,  
Nane e'er kenn'd but himsel', sae there's nane that  
will miss't.

Ye'll a' hae heard tell, &c.

But there's some still in life wha eternally blame,  
Wha on butts and on ifs rear their fabric o' fame;  
To all such I inscribe this most beautiful sonnet,  
To crown them the heirs o' Rab Roryson's bonnet.  
Ye'll a' hae heard tell, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Compelled.

<sup>2</sup> Covered, as thatch would.

<sup>3</sup> Finer

<sup>4</sup> A thought,

<sup>5</sup> At all.

<sup>6</sup> Dust.

## Rattlin' Roarin' Willie.

BURNS.

*Allegretto scherzoso.*

Air, "Rattlin' Roarin' Willie."

PIANO.

*f* *sf* *sf*

O rat - tin' roar - in' Wil - lie, Oh, he held to the fair, An'

*ff*

Ped. 8 \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

*mp dolce. rit.*

for to sell his fid - dle, An' buy some o - ther ware; But part - ing wi' his fid - dle, The

*p > colla voce.*

Ped. \* Ped. \*

*f a tempo.*

saut tear blint his eye; And rat - tin' roar - in' Wil - lie, Ye're wel - come hame to me!

*Sca. .... loco*

*f > a tempo.*

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

*f* *sf* *sf* *sf*

Ped. 8 \*

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,  
 O sell your fiddle sae fine;  
 O Willie, come sell your fiddle,  
 And buy a pint o' wine!  
 If I should sell my fiddle,  
 The war! would think I was mad;  
 For mony a rantin' day  
 My fiddle and I ha'e had.

As I cam' by Crochallan,  
 I cannily keekit ben<sup>1</sup>—  
 Rattlin' roarin' Willie  
 Was sitting at yon board en';  
 Sitting at yon board en',  
 And amang guid companie;  
 Rattlin' roarin' Willie,  
 Ye're welcome hame to me!

<sup>1</sup> Softly peeped into the parlour.



## Red gleams the Sun.

DR. COUPER (of Focnabers).

Old Air.

*Andante con espress.*

PIANO.

*mf* *mp*

Red gleams the sun on yon hill tap, The  
The Lav'rock sings among the clouds, The

*dim.*

dew sits on the gow-an, Deep mur-murs thro' her glens the Spey, A-round Kin-ra-ra row-an. Where  
lambstheysportsac cheer-y, And I sit weep-ing by the birk, Oh, where artthou, my dear-ie? Aft

*cres.*

art thou, kindest, fair-est lass? A-las, wert thou but near me, Thy gentle soul, thy melting eye, Would  
may I meet the morning dew, Lang greet till I be wea-ry; Thou can-na, winna, gen-tle maid, Thou

*p*

ev-er, ev-er cheer me.  
can-na be my dear-ie.

*mf*

# Red, red is the path to glory!

DR. COUPER (of Fochabers).

Air, "'Stu mo run."

*Andante larghetto.*

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic, followed by a crescendo to mezzo-forte (*mf*), then a further crescendo to forte (*f*), and finally a decrescendo to *molto dim. e rit.* The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand.

Red, red is the path to glo - ry! Thick yon ban - ners meet the sky! O my Geor - die,

death's be - fore ye! Turn and hear my bod - ing cry! Joy of my heart,

Geor - die, hear me! Joy of my heart, 'Stu mo run!

Turn and see thy tartan plaidie  
Rising o'er my breaking heart;  
O my bonnie Highland laddie!  
Wae was I with thee to part!  
Joy of my heart, &c.

But thou bleed'st!—Oh! bleed'st thou, beauty?  
Swims thine eye in wo' and pain?  
Child of Honour! child of Duty!  
Shall we never meet again?  
Joy of my heart, &c.

Yes, my darling, on thy pillow  
Soon thy head shall easy lie;  
Soon upon the sounding billow  
Shall thy war-worn standard fly!  
Joy of my heart, &c.

Then, again, thy tartan plaidie,  
Then my bosom, free from pain,  
Shall receive my Highland laddie,—  
Never shall we part again!  
Joy of my heart, &c.

Old Ballad.

## Robin Tamson's Smiddy.

Air, "The Taylor."

*Allegretto.*

PIANO.

My mi-ther ment<sup>1</sup> my auld breeks, An'  
 wow!<sup>2</sup> but they were duddy,<sup>3</sup> And sent me to get shod our mare, At Ro - bin Tamson's smiddy.  
 The smid - dy stands be - side the burn That wim - ple through the clach - an;<sup>4</sup> I  
 nev - er yet gae by the door, But aye I fa' a laughin.'

For Robin was a walthy carle,  
 An' had a bonnie dochter,  
 Yet ne'er wad let her tak' a man,  
 Though mony lads had socht her.  
 But what think ye o' my exploit  
 The time our mare was shoeing?  
 I slippit up beside the lass,  
 An' briskly fell a wooin'.

An' aye she e'd my auld breeks  
 The time that we sat crackin';  
 Quo' I, "my lass, ne'er mind the clouts,  
 I've new anes for the makin'.  
 But gin ye'll just come hame wi' me  
 An' lea' the carle your faither,  
 Ye'se get my breeks to keep in trim,  
 Mysel' and a' thegither."

"Deed lad," quoth she, "your offer's fair,  
 I'll really think I'll tak' it;  
 Sae gang awa', get out the mare,  
 We'll baith slip on the back o't.

For gin I wait my faither's time,  
 I'll wait till I be fifty;  
 But na, I'll marry in my prime,  
 An' mak' a wife fu' thrifty."

Wow Robin was an angry man,  
 At losing o' his dochter:  
 Thro' a' the kintra side he ran,  
 An' far an' near he socht her.  
 But when he came to our fire end  
 An' fand us baith thegither,  
 Quo' I, "gudeman, I've ta'en your bairn,  
 An' ye may tak' my mither."

Auld Robin girn'd and sheuk his pow,<sup>5</sup>  
 "Gude sooth," quo' he, "you're merry,  
 But I'll just tak' ye at your word  
 An' end this hurry burry."  
 So Robin an' our auld gudewife  
 Agreed to creep thegither:  
 Noo I ha'e Robin Tamson's pet,  
 An' Robin has my mither.

<sup>1</sup> Mended.<sup>2</sup> Exclamation of pleasure, surprise, or grief.<sup>3</sup> Ragged<sup>4</sup> Winds through the village.<sup>5</sup> Grinned and shook his head.



# Romantic Esk!

RICHARD GALL.

Air, "Fy, gar rub her o'er wi' strae."

*Andante moderato.*

PIANO.

*mp dolce.*

*p*

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It begins with a treble clef staff containing a whole rest. The right hand of the piano part starts with a melody in the treble clef, marked *mp dolce*, and the left hand provides a bass line in the bass clef, marked *p*. The music is characterized by flowing, arpeggiated figures.

*p*

Ro - man tic Esk! What sweets com - bine To

*p*

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef, marked *p*, with lyrics "Ro - man tic Esk! What sweets com - bine To". The piano accompaniment continues in the right hand, also marked *p*, while the left hand provides a steady bass line.

deck ilk bank and bow'r of thine! For now the sun, wi'

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody in the treble clef and the piano accompaniment in the right hand. The left hand maintains its bass line. The lyrics are "deck ilk bank and bow'r of thine! For now the sun, wi'".

cheer - fu' rays, Glows saft o'er a' thy wood - y braes. Whare

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody in the treble clef and the piano accompaniment in the right hand. The left hand provides the final bass line. The lyrics are "cheer - fu' rays, Glows saft o'er a' thy wood - y braes. Whare".

mon-ie a na - tive wild flow-er's seen 'Mang birks, an' briers, an'

i - - vy - green, An' a' the wood - land cho - rists sing, Or

glee - some flit on wan - ton wing.

*dim.* *mf*

Save where the lintie, mournfully,  
Sabs sair aneath the rowan tree  
To see her nest, an' young anes a',  
By thoughtless riever <sup>1</sup> borne awa',  
Return, return, the mourner's care,  
An' ease the bosom o' despair,  
Nor cled your little heart in steel,  
For Nature bad' the lintie feel.

How fresh and fair, o' varied hue,  
Ilk <sup>2</sup> tufted haunt o' sweet Buccleugh!  
What bliss ilk green retreat to hail,  
Where Melville Castle cheers the vale;  
And Mavis-bank, sae rural gay,  
Looks bonnie down the woodland brae,  
But doubly fair ilk darling scene,  
That screens the bowers o' Hawthorndean.

Now tent <sup>3</sup> the Pentlands, westlins seen.  
O'erspread wi' flowery pastures green;  
Where, stretching wide, the fleecy ewes  
Rin bleating round the sunny knowes; <sup>4</sup>  
An' mony a little siller rill  
Steals gurgling down its mossy hill;  
An' vernal green is ilka tree  
On bonnie braes o' Woodhouselee.

<sup>1</sup> Robber    <sup>2</sup> Each.    <sup>3</sup> Observe.    <sup>4</sup> Little hills

## Sae far awa'.

BURNS.

Air, "Dalkeith Maiden Bridge."

PIANO.

*Andante larghetto.*

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, key of D major. It begins with a treble clef staff showing a whole rest for four measures. The piano part consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, starting on D4 and moving up to A4. The left hand plays a bass line of eighth notes, starting on D3 and moving up to A3. Dynamics include accents (>) and a forte (sf) marking.

Oh, sad and hea - vy should I part, But for her sake sae

The first vocal line is in 4/4 time, key of D major. The melody starts on D4, moves up to A4, and then down to G4. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords, mostly triads, in the treble clef. The left hand plays a bass line of eighth notes, starting on D3 and moving up to A3. Dynamics include a piano (p) marking.

far a - wa'; Un - know - ing what my way maythwart, My na - tive land sae

The second vocal line is in 4/4 time, key of D major. The melody continues from the previous line, starting on G4 and moving up to A4. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords, mostly triads, in the treble clef. The left hand plays a bass line of eighth notes, starting on D3 and moving up to A3. Dynamics include a piano (p) marking.

far a - wa'. Thou that of a' things Ma - ker art, That

*mf Con maesta.*

The third vocal line is in 4/4 time, key of D major. The melody starts on D4, moves up to A4, and then down to G4. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords, mostly triads, in the treble clef. The left hand plays a bass line of eighth notes, starting on D3 and moving up to A3. Dynamics include a mezzo-forte (mf) marking and the instruction 'Con maesta'.



form'd this Fair sae far a - wa', Gi'e bo - dy strength, then

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

I'll ne'er start At this my way sae far a wa'.

The second system continues the musical score. It includes the tempo marking *rall.* above the vocal line and *colla voce.* below the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

*Andante larghetto.*

The third system of the musical score begins with the tempo marking *Andante larghetto.* The piano accompaniment features dynamic markings *>* and *sf*. The system concludes with a final chord marked with an '8' below the bass clef.

How true is love to pure desert,  
 So love to her, sae far awa':  
 And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,  
 While, oh! she is sae far awa'.  
 Nane other love, nane other dart,  
 I feel but hers, sae far awa';  
 But fairer never touched a heart  
 Than hers, the Fair sae far awa'.

## Sic a wife as Willie had.

BURNS.

*Allegro moderato.*

Air, "The Eight men of Moidart."

PIANO. *f* *mf* *molto rall.*

Wil-lie Was-tle d'walt on Tweed, The spot they ca'd it Linkum-doddie; Wil-lie was a wabster<sup>1</sup> guid, Could

*p a tempo.*

stoun a clue wi' on-y bo-dy; He had a wife was dour and din,<sup>2</sup> Oh, Tin-klér Maidgie was her mi-ther;

3 8 8

Sic a wife as Wil-lie had, I wad nae gi'e a but-ton for her.

*cres.* *p* *rit.* *Ped.* \*

She has an e'e—she has but ane,  
The cat has twa the very colour;  
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,  
A clapper tongue wad deave<sup>3</sup> a miller,  
A whiskin' beard about her mou',  
Her nose and chin they threaten ither—  
Sic a wife as Willie had  
I wad nae gi'e a button for her.

She's bow-houghed,<sup>4</sup> she's hem-shinned;  
Ae limpin' leg, a hand-breed shorter;  
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,  
To balance fair in ilka quarter:  
She has a hump upon her breast,  
The twin o' that upon her shouther—  
Sic a wife as Willie had,  
I wad na gi'e a button for her.

Auld Baudrans<sup>5</sup> by the ingle sits,  
An' wi' her loof<sup>6</sup> her face a-washing';  
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,  
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;  
Her watie nieves<sup>7</sup> like midden-creels,<sup>8</sup>  
Her face wad fyle<sup>10</sup> the Logan-Water.  
Sic a wife as Willie had,  
I wad not gi'e a button for her.

<sup>1</sup> Weaver. <sup>2</sup> Sullen and sallow.  
She wipes her mouth with an old stocking.

<sup>3</sup> Deafen.

<sup>4</sup> Knead.

<sup>5</sup> The cat. <sup>6</sup> Paw  
<sup>7</sup> Fat fists. <sup>8</sup> Manure baskets.

<sup>9</sup> Manure baskets.

<sup>10</sup> Defile.

# Since all thy vows, false Maid.

CHISHOLM (of Cromleck).

*Andante larghetto.*

Air, "Cromleck's Lilt."

PIANO.

Since all thy vows, false maid, Are blown to air, And my poor heart betray'd,  
Have I not grav'n our loves On ev-'ry tree In yon-der spread-ing grove,

To sad..... de-spair, In - to some wil - der-ness My grief I will express,  
Tho' false..... thou be? Was..... not a so - lemn oath Plight - ed be - twixt us both,

And thy hard - heart - ed - ness, O cru - el fair.  
Thou thy faith, I my troth, Con - stant to be?

Some gloomy place I'll find,  
Some doleful shade,  
Where neither sun nor wind  
E'er entrance had.  
Into that hollow cave  
There will I sigh and rave,  
Because thou dost behave  
So faithlessly.

Wild fruit shall be my meat,  
I'll drink the spring;  
Cold earth shall be my seat;  
For covering  
I'll have the starry sky  
My head to canopy,  
Until my soul on high  
Shall spread its wing.

I'll have no funeral pyre,  
No tears for me;  
No grave do I require,  
Nor obsequie:  
The courteous red-breast, he  
With leaves will cover me,  
And sing my elegy  
With doleful voice.  
And when a ghost I am  
I'll visit thee,  
Oh, thou deceitful dame,  
Whose cruelty  
Has killed the kindest heart  
That ere felt Cupid's dart,  
And never can desert  
From loving thee!



## The American War.

BURNS.

A POLITICAL BALLAD (UNFINISHED).

Air, "Gilliecrankie."

*Allegro marziale.*

PIANO. *f* *mf*

When Guilford good our pi-lot stood, And

did our hel-lim throw, man, A night, at tea, be-gan a plea, With-in A-me-ri-ca, man: Then

8

up they gat the mas-kin-pat,<sup>1</sup> An' in the sea did jaw,<sup>2</sup> man; An' did nae less, in full congress, Than

8

quite re-fuse our law, man.

*f* *sf*

Then through the lakes Montgomery takes,  
I wat he was na slaw, man;  
Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn,  
And Carleton did o'er, man;  
But yet, what reck, he, at Quebec,  
Montgomery-like did fa', man;  
Wi' sword in hand, before his band,  
Amang his en'mies a', man.

Poor Tammy Gage, within a cage,  
Was kept at Boston ha', man;  
Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe  
For Philadelphia, man;  
Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin  
Guid Christian blood to draw, man;  
But at New York, wi' knife an' fork,  
Sir-loin he hackèd sma', man.

Then Montague, an' Guilford too,  
Began to fear a fa', man;  
And Sackville doure, wha stood the stoure,  
The German chief to throw, man;  
For Paddy Burke, like onie Turk,  
Nae mercy had at a', man;  
An' Charlie Fox threw by the box,  
An' lousd his tinkler jaw, man.

But word an' blow, North, Fox, and Co.  
Gowffed Willie like a ba', man,  
Till Suthron rase, and coost their claise  
Behind him in a raw, man;  
An' Caledon threw by the drone,  
An' did her whittle draw, man,  
An' swoor fu' rude, through dirt an' blood  
To make it guid in law, man.

<sup>1</sup> Teapot. <sup>2</sup> Jerk or throw. It is well known that the imposition by the English Commons of an excise duty on the tea imported to North America, caused the outbreak of the American War. The colonists went on board the Indiamen which brought tea to their shores, and threw their cargoes into the sea.

## The auld Man.

*Allegretto.*

PIANO. *f*

auld man he cam' o - ver the lea; *Ha, ha, ha! but I'll no hae him! He cam' on pur-pose*

*mp*

for to court me, *Wi' his auld beard new - lin shav-en.*

My mither she bade me gi'e him a stool,

*Ha, ha, ha! but I'll no hae him!*

I ga'e him a stool and he looked like a fool,

*Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven.*

My mither she bade me gi'e him some pye,

*Ha, ha, ha! but I'll no hae him!*

I ga'e him some pye, and he laid the crust by,

*Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven.*

My mither she bade me gi'e him a dram,

*Ha, ha, ha! but I'll no hae him!*

I ga'e him a dram o' the brand sae strang,

*Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven.*

I tauld him plain I wadna wed,

*Ha, ha, ha! but I'll no hae him!*

I bade him "Gude e'en," and he gaed hame to bed,

*Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven.*

## The Athole Gathering.

PIANO.

*f* >

Wha will ride wi' gal-lant Murray? Wha will ride wi' Geor-die's sel'?

*ff* *mf*

He's the flow'r o' a' Glen-is-la, And the dar-ling o' Dun-kel'!



See the white rose in his bon-net! See his ban-ner o'er the Tay! His gude sword he now has drawn it,

And has flung the sheath a-way. Then wha will ride wi' gal-lant Mur-ray?

Wha will ride wi' Geor-die's sel'? He's the flow'r o' a' Glen-is-la,

And the dar-ling o' Dun-kel'!

## The auld Hoose.

LADY NAIRNE.

Old Melody.

*Teneramente.*

Oh! the auld hoose, the auld hoose, What

PIANO. *mf* *p*

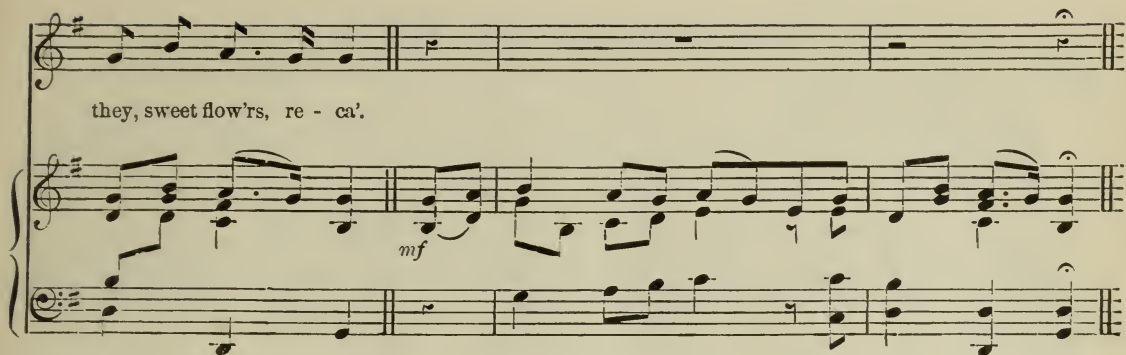
though the rooms were wee, Oh, kind hearts were dwell - ing there, And

bair - nies fu' o' glee; The wild rose and the jes - sa - mine Still

*cres.* *cres.*

hang up - on the wa', Hoo mo - ny cher - ish'd me - mo - ries Do

*p*



Oh! the auld laird, the auld laird,  
 Sae canty, kind, and crouse,  
 Hoo mony did he welcome to  
 His ain wee dear auld hoose.  
 And the leddy too, sae genty,  
 There sheltered Scotland's heir,  
 And clipt a lock wit' her ain han'  
 Frae his lang yellow hair.

The mavis still doth sweetly sing,  
 The blue-bells sweetly blaw,  
 The bonnie Earn's clear winding still,  
 But the auld hoose is awa'.  
 The auld hoose, the auld hoose,  
 Deserted though ye be,  
 There ne'er can be a new hoose,  
 Will seem sae fair to me.

Still flourishing the auld pear tree,  
 The bairnies liked to see,  
 And oh! hoo often did they speer  
 When ripe they a' wad be?  
 The voices sweet, the wee bit feet,  
 Aye rinnin' here and there,  
 The merry shout—oh, whiles we greet  
 To think we'll hear nae mair.

For they are a' wide scattered noo,  
 Some to the Indies gane,  
 And ane alas! to her lang hame—  
 Not here we'll meet again.  
 The kirkyard, the kirkyard!  
 Wi' flow'rs o' ev'ry hue,  
 Is shelter'd by the holly's shade  
 An' the dark sombre yew.

The setting sun, the setting sun!  
 Hoo glorious it gaed down;  
 The cloudy splendour rais'd oor hearts,  
 To cloudless skies aboon.  
 The auld dial, the auld dial,  
 It tauld hoo time did pass;  
 The wintry winds ha'e dang it down  
 Noo hid 'mang weeds and grass.



# The Banks of the Devon.

BURNS.

Air, " Bhannerach dhon na chri."

*Andante grazioso.*

PIANO. *mf* *p*

How

plea - sant the banks of the clear - wind - ing Dev - on, With green - spreading bush - es and

flow'rs bloom - ing fair! But the bon - ni - est flow'r on the banks of the Dev - on Was

once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr. Mild be the sun on this

*p*

sweet blush - ing flow'r, In the gay ro - sy morn, as it bathes in the dew; And

The first system of the musical score, featuring a vocal line in treble clef and piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics are: "sweet blush - ing flow'r, In the gay ro - sy morn, as it bathes in the dew; And".

gen - tle the fall of the soft ver - nal show - er, That steals on the ev - 'ning each

The second system of the musical score, continuing the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are: "gen - tle the fall of the soft ver - nal show - er, That steals on the ev - 'ning each".

leaf to re - new.

The third system of the musical score, concluding the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "leaf to re - new." The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte).

O spare the dear blossoms, ye orient breezes.  
 With chill hoary wing, as ye usher the dawn!  
 And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes  
 The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn!  
 Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,  
 And England, triumphant, display her proud rose;  
 A fairer than either adorns the green valleys  
 Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

# The Battle of Killiecrankie.

*Allegretto.*

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment of chords and single notes.

Oh, Cla - vers and his High-land men Cam'

*mp*

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The tempo is marked *mp* (mezzo-piano).

down up - on the raw, man, Wha, be - ing stout, gave mo - ny a clout, The lads be - gan to

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

claw then; Wi' sword and targe in - to their hand, Wi' which they were na slaw, man, Wi'

The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the previous systems.



mo-ny a fear-ful hea-vysigh, The lads be-gan to claw then. O'er bush, o'er bank, o'er

*cres.*

ditch, o'erstank,<sup>1</sup> She flang a-mang them a',.....man; The But-ter-box got mo-ny knocks, Their

rig-gings paid for a' then. They got their paiks wi' sud-den straits, Which to their grief they

*trem.* *sf* *f*

saw, man; Wi' clin-kum, clan-kum, o'er their crowns, The lads be-gan to fa' then.

*f*

<sup>1</sup>Pool

## The bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

Jacobite Air.

*Andante moderato.*

PIANO. *mf*

The piano introduction is in G major and 4/4 time. It begins with a treble clef staff containing a whole rest, followed by four measures of whole rests. The piano part, marked *mf*, starts in the second measure with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass line features a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

By yon bon - nie banks and yon bon - nie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff. The vocal line begins with a half note G, followed by eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment, marked *p*, provides a harmonic foundation with chords and a bass line.

Lo - mon'; Oh, we twa hae pass'd sae mo - ny blithe-some days, On the

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a melodic contour that rises and then falls. The piano accompaniment maintains the harmonic support with consistent chordal textures.

bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch Lo - mon'. Oh! ye'll tak' the high road and

The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line ends with a half note G. The piano accompaniment, marked *mf*, provides a final harmonic setting for the phrase.

I'll tak' the low road, An' I'll be in Scot - land be - fore ye'; But

wae is my heart un - til we meet a - gain, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks o' Loch

Lo - mon'.

I mind where we partied, in yon shady glen,  
 On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomon',  
 Where in purple hue the Highland hills we view,  
 And the morn shines out frae the gloamin'.  
 Oh, ye'll tak', &c.

The wee birdies sing an' the wild flowers spring,  
 An' in sunshine the waters are sleeping;  
 But the broken heart it seeks nae second spring,  
 An' the world does nae ken how we're greetin'.  
 Oh, ye'll tak', &c.



# The Collier's Bonnie Lassie.

RAMSAY (except first half-stanza).

*Allegro moderato.*

PIANO. *f*

The

col - lier has a daugh - ter, And oh! she's won - der bon - nie! A

*mp*

laird he was that sought her, Rich baith in land and mon - ey; The

tu - tors watch'd the mo - tion Of this young hon - est lov - er; But

*cres.* *p*

love is like the o - - cean; Wha can its depths dis - co - ver?

*mf* *p* *rall.*

Ped. \*

He had the heart to please ye,  
 And was by a' respected;  
 His airs sat round him easy,  
 Genteel, but unaffected.  
 The collier's bonnie lassie,  
 Fair as the new-blown lily,  
 Aye sweet and never saucy,  
 Secured the heart of Willie

He loved, beyond expression,  
 The charms that were about **her**,  
 And panted for possession—  
 His life was dull without her,  
 After mature resolving,  
 Close to his breast he held **her**,  
 In softest flames dissolving  
 He tenderly thus told her:—

“My bonnie collier's daughter,  
 Let naething discompose ye;  
 'Tis no your scanty tocher  
 Shall ever gar me lose ye.  
 For I have gear in plenty,  
 And love says 'tis my duty,  
 To ware what Heaven has lent **me**  
 Upon your wit and beauty.”

# The Cooper o' Cuddie.

BURNS.

Air, "Bob at the Bowster."

*Andante scherzoso.*

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in G major, 6/8 time, and consists of 8 measures. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *f* (forte) at the beginning and *p* (piano) later in the piece.

The coop - er o' Cud - die cam' here a - wa'; He ca'd the girs<sup>1</sup> out

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and a piano accompaniment in the left hand. The piano part consists of chords and single notes. The dynamic is marked *mp* (mezzo-piano).

owre us a'-- And our guid - wife has got - ten a ca' That

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a mix of chords and single notes.

an - ger'd the sil - ly guid - man, O. We'll hide the coop - er be -

The third system concludes the song. The vocal melody and piano accompaniment continue. The piano part includes a *f* (forte) dynamic marking. The system ends with a double bar line.



- hind the door, Be - hind the door be - hind the door, We'll hide the coop - er be -

- hind the door, And cov - er him un - der a mawn,<sup>2</sup> O.

He sought them out, he sought them in,  
 Wi' de'il ha'e her! and de'il ha'e him!  
 But the body he was sae doited and blin',<sup>3</sup>  
 He wist na where he was gaun, O.  
 We'll hide the cooper, &c.

He sought them out, he sought them in,  
 Wi' de'il ha'e her! and de'il ha'e him!  
 But the body he was sae doited and blin',<sup>3</sup>  
 He wist na where he was gaun, O.  
 We'll hide the cooper, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Hoops.    <sup>2</sup> Basket.    <sup>3</sup> Stupid and blind.

# The Carles o' Dysart.

(FISHERMAN'S SONG.)

BURNS.

Air, "Hey, ca' through"

*Allegretto.*

PIANO.

Up wi' the Carles o' Dy -

- sart, And the lads o' Buckha - ven, And the Kimmers o' Lar - go, And the las-ses o' Le - ven.

*f* CHORUS. *rit.*

Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro', For we hae mic-kle a-do; Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro', For we hae

mic-kle a-do!

We hae tales to tell,  
And we hae sangs to sing;  
We hae pennies to spend,  
And we hae pints to bring.  
Hey, ca' through, &c.

We'll live a' our days,  
And them that come behin',  
Let them do the like.  
And spend the gear they win.  
Hey, ca' through, &c.

## The Day returns.

BURNS *Allegretto.*

Air, "The Seventh of November"

PIANO. *mf*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and moving lines in a 4/4 time signature, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The day re- turns, my bo- som burns, The bliss- ful day we twa did meet; Tho' While day and night can bring de- light, Or na- ture aught of plea- sure give; While

The first system of the song features a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and continues with a steady accompaniment.

win- ter wild in tem- pest toil'd, Ne'er sum- mer sun was half sae sweet. Than joys a- bove my mind can move, For thee, and thee a- lone, I live! When

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a crescendo (*cres.*) marking towards the end of the system.

a the pride that loads the tide, And cross- es o'er the sul- try line; Than king- ly robes, than that grim foe of life be- low, Comes in be- tween to make us part; The i- ron hand that

The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part provides a consistent accompaniment for the vocal line.

crowns and globes, Heav'n gave me more, it made me thine. breaks our band, It breaks my bliss, it breaks my heart.

The fourth system concludes the song. The vocal melody ends with a final note, and the piano accompaniment features a forte (*f*) dynamic marking and a final chord.



# The glancing of her Apron.

*Andante con moto.*

PIANO. *mf leggiero.* *mp*

In love - ly Au - gust last, on

Mo - non - day at morn, As thro' the fields I past, to view the yel - low corn; I

look - ed me be - hind, and saw come o'er the know,<sup>1</sup> And glancing in her a - pron with a

bon - nie brent<sup>2</sup> brow....

*f*

I said, "Good-morrow, fair maid," and she right courteouslie  
 Return'd aback and kindly said, "Good-day, sweet sir,  
 to thee;"  
 I speer'd,<sup>3</sup> "My dear, how far awa do you intend to  
 gae?"  
 Quo' she, "I mean a mile or twa, and o'er yon  
 broomy brae."<sup>4</sup>

"Fair maid, I'm thankful to my fate to have sic  
 company,  
 For I am ganging straight that gate<sup>5</sup> where ye  
 intend to be;"  
 When we had gane a mile or twain I said to her,  
 "My dow,<sup>6</sup>  
 May we not lean us on this plain, and kiss your bonny  
 mou?"

<sup>1</sup> A hillock.    <sup>2</sup> A brow high and smooth    Asked.

<sup>3</sup> Slope.    <sup>4</sup> Way    <sup>5</sup> Possibly "doo," dove.

# The Highland Widow's Lament.

BURNS.

*Andante con tristezza.*

Oh, I am come to the

PIANO. *mf* *p*

low coun - trie, Och - on, och - on..... och - rie!..... With - out a pen - ny

in my purse, To buy a meal to me.....

*sostenuto.* *mf*

It was na sae in the Highland hills,  
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!  
Nae woman in the country wide  
Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,  
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!  
Feeding on yon hills so high,  
And giving milk to me.

And there I had threescore o' yowes,  
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!  
Skipping on yon bonnie knowes,  
And casting woo' to me.

I was the happiest of a' the clan,—  
Sair, sair may I repine;  
For Donald was the bravest man,  
And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie Stuart cam' at last,  
Sae far to set us free;  
My Donald's arm was wanted then  
For Scotland and for me.

Their wae'fu' fate what need I tell?  
Right to the wrang did yield:  
My Donald and his country fell  
Upon Culloden-field.

Och-on, O Donald, O!  
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!  
Nae woman in the world wide  
Sae wretched now as me.

## The hundred Pipers.

LADY NAIRNE.

*Allegro.*

PIANO.

*ff*

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, marked *Allegro* and *ff*. It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, both in G minor.

The first vocal entry begins with the lyrics "Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a', Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an'". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line.

The second vocal entry begins with the lyrics "a' an' a', We'll up an' gie 'em a blaw, a blaw, Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an'". The piano accompaniment features a more active melody in the right hand.

The third vocal entry begins with the lyrics "a', an' a'; Oh it's ower the Bor - der a - wa', a' - wa', It's ower the Bor - der a -". The piano accompaniment includes a section marked *mp* (mezzo-piano).

The fourth vocal entry begins with the lyrics "- wa', a - wa', We'll on an' we'll march to Car - lisle, Ha', Wi' its yetts, its cas - tell an'". The piano accompaniment includes a section marked *cres.* (crescendo).



a', an' a'. Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an' a', an' a' Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an'

a', an' a', We'll up an' gie 'em a blaw, a blaw, Wi' a hun - dred pi - pers an'

a', an' a'.

*f* *rit e dim.* *a tempo.* *ff*

Oh! our sodger lads look'd braw, look'd braw,  
 Wi' their tartans, kilts, an' a', an' a',  
 Wi' their bonnets, an' feathers, an' glitt'ring gear,  
 An' pibrochs sounding sweet an' clear.  
 Will they a' return to their ain dear glen?  
 Will they a' return—our Hieland men?  
 Second sighted Sandy look'd fu' wae,  
 And mothers grat when they march'd awa'.

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',  
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a';  
 But they'll up an' gie 'em a blaw, a blaw,  
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

Oh wha is foremaist o' a', o' a'?  
 Oh wha does follow the blaw, the blaw?  
 Bonnie Charlie, the king o' us a', hurra!  
 Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'!  
 His bonnet an' feather he's wavin' high!  
 His prancing steed maist seems to fly!  
 The nor' wind plays wi' his curly hair,  
 While the pipers blaw in an unco flare!

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',  
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a';  
 We'll up an' gie 'em a blaw, a blaw,  
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

The Esk was swollen, sae red, sae deep;  
 But shouter to shouter the brave lads keep;  
 Twa thousand swam ower to fell English ground,  
 An' danc'd themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.  
 Dumfounder'd, the English saw, they saw!  
 Dumfounder'd, they heard the blaw, the blaw!  
 Dumfounder'd, they a' ran awa', awa'!  
 Frac the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'!

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',  
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a';  
 We'll up an' gie 'em a blaw, a blaw,  
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

## The Humble Beggar.

*Andante.*

Very old.

PIANO. *mf*

In

QUASI RECIT.

*a tempo adagio.*

RECIT.

Scotland there liv'd a hum - ble beg-gar, He had nei - ther house, nor hald, nor.... hame; But

*mf* *p*

*a tempo adagio.*

he was well lik-ed by il - ka bo-die, And they gave him junkets to rax his wame.<sup>1</sup>

*mf* *p* *mf*

A nivefou<sup>2</sup> of meal and handfou of groats,  
A daad<sup>3</sup> of a bannock or herring brie,<sup>4</sup>  
Cauld parridge, or the lickings of plates  
Wad make him as blyth as a beggar could be.

This beggar he was a humble beggar,  
The feint a bit o' pride had he,  
He wad a ta'en his alms in a bikker<sup>5</sup>  
Frae gentleman or poor bodie.

His wallets ahint and afore did hang  
In as good order as wallets could be;  
A lang kail-gooly<sup>6</sup> hang down by his side  
And a meikle nowt horn<sup>7</sup> to rout on had he.

It happen'd ill, it happen'd warse,  
It happen'd sae that he did die;  
And wha do ye think was at his late-wak<sup>8</sup>  
But lads and lasses of a high degree?

But when they brought him to Duket's kirkyard,  
He dunted<sup>9</sup> on the kist,<sup>10</sup> the boards did flee;  
And when they were gaun to put him i' the gard,  
In fell the kist and out lap he!

He cryed, "I'm cauld, I'm unco cauld!"  
Fu' fast ran the folk, fu' fast ran he;  
But he was first hame at his ain ingleside  
And he helped to drink his ain dirgie.

<sup>1</sup> Fill himself out with. <sup>2</sup> Fist-full. <sup>3</sup> Large piece.<sup>4</sup> Broth. <sup>5</sup> Wooden dish. <sup>6</sup> Large knife for cutting colewort.<sup>7</sup> Cowhorn. <sup>8</sup> Watching of a corpse before burial.<sup>9</sup> Knocked. <sup>10</sup> Coffin.

## The Lass of Ecclefechan.

BURNS.

Air, "Jacky Latin."

*Allegretto gioioso.*

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, starting with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody in the treble clef begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic, marked with an accent (>) and a slur. The bass clef accompaniment also starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The piece concludes with a *rit.* (ritardando) marking.

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "Gat ye me, oh, gat ye me, Oh, gat ye me wi' nae-thing? Rock and reel and spin-nin' wheel, A". The piano part has a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic.

The second system continues the song with the lyrics: "mic-kle quar-ter ba - sin. Bye at-tour<sup>1</sup> my gutcher<sup>2</sup> has A highhouse and a laigh ane,". The piano accompaniment continues with a *mf* dynamic.

The third system begins with tempo markings: *rit. maestoso* followed by *a tempo.* The lyrics are: "A' forbye my bonniesel', The lass of Ec-cle-fech - an." The piano part features a forte (*f*) dynamic and ends with a *rit.* marking.

Haud your tongue, now, Luckie Laing,  
 Oh, haud your tongue and jauner;<sup>3</sup>  
 I held the gate till you I met,  
 Syne I began to wander;  
 I tint<sup>4</sup> my whistle and my sang,  
 I tint my peace and pleasure;  
 But your green graff,<sup>5</sup> now, Luckie Laing,  
 Wad air<sup>6</sup> me to my treasure.

<sup>1</sup> Moreover.<sup>2</sup> Grandsire.<sup>3</sup> Idle talk.<sup>4</sup> Lost.<sup>5</sup> Green grave.<sup>6</sup> Point.



MR. DUDGEON.

## The Maid that tends the Goats.

*Andante grazioso.*

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. It begins with a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *mf*, *cres.*, *f*, and *p*.

Up a-mang yon clif - fy rocks, Sweetly rings the ris - ing ech - o, To the maid that tends the goats,

Lilt-ing o'er her na - tive notes Hark! she sings, young San-dy's kind. An' he's promis'd aye to lo'e me;

Here's a brooch I ne'er shall tine't,<sup>1</sup> Till he's fair - ly mar - ried to me: Drive a-way, ye drone time, And

bring a - bout our brid - al day.

Sandy herds a flock o' sheep;  
 Aften does he blaw the whistle,  
 In a strain sae saftly sweet—  
 Lamms list'nin' dare-na bleat.  
 He's as fleet's the mountain roe,  
 Hardy as the Highland heather,  
 Wading thro' the winter snaw,  
 Keeping aye his flocks thegither;  
 But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,  
 He braves the bleakest norlan' blast.

Brawly can he dance and sing,  
 Cantie<sup>2</sup> glee or Highland cronach;<sup>3</sup>  
 Nane can ever match his fling  
 At a reel, or round a ring.  
 Wightly<sup>4</sup> can he wield a rung;<sup>5</sup>  
 In a brawl he's aye the bangster:  
 A' his praise can ne'er be sung  
 By the langest-winded sangster.  
 Sangs that sing o' Sandy  
 Seem short, though they were e'er sae lang!

<sup>1</sup> Lose.<sup>2</sup> Cheerful.<sup>3</sup> Dirge: from *corah-rainach*—a crying together.<sup>4</sup> Strongly.<sup>5</sup> Cudgel.

## The mirk night o' December.

BURNS.

Air. "O May, thy morn."

PIANO. *Andante con moto.*

*f* *rall.* *a tempo.*

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, key of D major. It begins with a treble clef staff playing a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass clef staff providing harmonic support with chords and single notes. The tempo is marked 'Andante con moto', starting with a forte 'f' dynamic, then slowing down with a 'rall.' marking, and finally returning to the original tempo with an 'a tempo.' marking.

*p* *mp*

O May, thy morn was ne'er so sweet As the mirk night o' De-cem-ber; For  
And here's to them that like our-sel'— Can push a-bout the jor-um; And

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The piano part starts with a piano 'p' dynamic and moves to mezzo-piano 'mp'. The lyrics are: 'O May, thy morn was ne'er so sweet As the mirk night o' De-cem-ber; For And here's to them that like our-sel'— Can push a-bout the jor-um; And'.

spark - ling was the ro - sy wine, And pri - vate was the cham - ber; And  
here's to them that wish us well, May a' that's guid watch o'er them! And

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'spark - ling was the ro - sy wine, And pri - vate was the cham - ber; And here's to them that wish us well, May a' that's guid watch o'er them! And'.

CHORUS. *f* *dim.*

dear was she I dare na name, But I will aye re-mem - ber. And dear was she I dare na name, But  
here's to them we dare na tell, The dearest o' the quo - rum. And here's to them we dare na tell, The

*dim.* *f* *dim.*

The third system introduces the chorus. The vocal melody is marked with a forte 'f' dynamic and then a diminuendo 'dim.'. The piano accompaniment also has 'dim.' markings. The lyrics are: 'dear was she I dare na name, But I will aye re-mem - ber. And dear was she I dare na name, But here's to them we dare na tell, The dearest o' the quo - rum. And here's to them we dare na tell, The'.

I will aye re-mem - ber.  
dear - est o' the quo - rum.

*p*

The fourth system concludes the piece. The vocal melody ends with the lyrics 'I will aye re-mem - ber. dear - est o' the quo - rum.' The piano accompaniment ends with a piano 'p' dynamic. The key signature changes to D minor for the final few notes.



# Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary.

BURNS.

Air, "The Ruffians' Rant."

*Allegretto.*

PIANO. *f* *p leggiero.*

In com-ing by the

Ped. \*

brig o' Dye, At Dar-let we a blink did tar-ry; As day was daw-in' in the sky, We drank a health to

*cres.*

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

CHORUS. *f*

bon-nie Ma-ry. The-niel Men-zie's bon-nie Ma-ry, The-niel Menzie's bon-nie Ma-ry; Charlie Gre-gor

*f*

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

tint<sup>1</sup> his plaid-ie, Kiss-in' The-niel's bon-nie Ma-ry.

*f*

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* 8 8 \*

Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,  
Her haffet<sup>2</sup> locks as brown's a berry;  
And aye they dimpl't wi' a smile,  
The rosy cheeks o' bonnie Mary.  
Theniel Menzie's, &c.

We lap<sup>3</sup> and danced the lee-lang day,  
Till piper lads were wae an' weary;  
But Charlie gat the spring<sup>4</sup> to pay,  
For kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.  
Theniel Menzie's, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Lost.<sup>2</sup> Temple.<sup>3</sup> Leapt.<sup>4</sup> Dance.



## The Northern Lass.

*Andante tranquillo.*

PIANO.

Tho' cru - el fateshould

*mp*

bid us part, Far as the pole and line, Her dear i - de - a round my heart Should

ten - der - ly en - twine. Tho' moun - tains rise, and de - serts howl, And

*mf cres.*

*dim.* *mf* *cres.*

o - ceans roar be - tween; Yet, dear - er than my death - less soul, I

*dim. molto.*

*p*

8 8

still..... could love my Jean.....

*mf* *p*

# There cam' a young man to my Daddie's door.

Author uncertain.

Air, "The brisk young lad."

*Con spirito.*

There

PIANO. *f*

cam' a young man to my dad - die's door, My dad - die's door, my dad - die's door; There

*mp*

cam' a young man to my dad - die's door, Cam' seek - ing me to woo.....

And vow! but he was a bon - nie young lad, A brisk young lad, and a

*f*

braw young lad! And vow! but he was a bon-nie young lad, Cam' seek - ing me to

WOO.....

*f*

But I was baking when he cam',  
 When he cam', when he cam';  
 I took him in and gied<sup>1</sup> him a scone,<sup>2</sup>  
 To thowe his frozen mou'.<sup>3</sup>  
 And vow! but he was, &c.

I set him in aside the bink;<sup>4</sup>  
 I gied him bread and ale to drink;  
 But ne'er a blythe styme<sup>5</sup> wad he blink  
 Till he was warm and fu'.  
 And vow! but he was, &c.

"Gae, get you gone, you cauldrife<sup>6</sup> wooer;  
 Ye sour-looking, cauldrife wooer!"  
 I straightway show'd him to the door,  
 Saying, "Come nae mair to woo!"  
 And vow! but he was, &c.

There lay a deuk-dub<sup>7</sup> before the door,  
 Before the door, before the door;  
 There lay a deuk-dub before the door,  
 An' there fell he, I trow!  
 And vow! but he was, &c.

Out cam' the gudeman, an' heigh<sup>8</sup> he shouted;  
 Out cam' the gudewife, an' laigh she louted;<sup>9</sup>  
 An' a' the toun-neeighbours were gather'd about it;  
 An' there lay he, I trow!  
 And vow! but he was, &c.

Then out cam' I, an' sneered and smiled,  
 "Ye cam' to woo, but ye're a' beguiled;  
 Ye've fa'en i' the dirt, an' ye're a' befyled;  
 We'll ha'e nae mair o' you!"  
 And vow! but he was, &c.

\*Gave.    <sup>2</sup>A thin cake of wheat-meal    <sup>3</sup>Melt his frozen mouth.    <sup>4</sup>Bench; long seat beside the fire  
 in a country house: seat of honour.    <sup>5</sup>A particle, a whit.    <sup>6</sup>Cold, cheerless.    <sup>7</sup>Duck-pond.  
<sup>8</sup>Loud.    <sup>9</sup>Low she chuckled



# There was a Lass and she was Fair.

BURNS.

Air, "Willie was a wanton wag."

*Andante con moto.*

PIANO.

*mf* *dim.* *f*

There was a lass and she was fair, At

*mf*

kirk and mar - ket to be seen, When a' the fair - est maids were met, The

*cres.*

fair - est maid was bon - nie Jean. And aye she wrought her mam - mie's work, And

*cres.*

aye she sang sae mer - ri - lie: The blith - est bird up - on the bush, Had  
 ne'er a light - er heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys  
 That bless the little lintwhite's<sup>1</sup> nest;  
 And frost will blight the fairest flowers,  
 And love will break the soundest rest,  
 Young Robie was the brawest lad,  
 The flower and pride of a' the glen,  
 And he had owsen,<sup>2</sup> sheep, and kye,  
 And wanton naigies nine and ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,<sup>3</sup>  
 He danced with Jeanie on the down,  
 And lang e'er witless Jeanie wist,  
 Her heart was tint,<sup>4</sup> her peace was stown.<sup>5</sup>  
 As in the bosom o' the stream,  
 The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en,  
 So trembling, pure, was tender love,  
 Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,  
 And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;  
 Yet wistna what her ail might be,  
 Or what wad mak' her weel again.  
 But didna Jeanie's heart loup<sup>6</sup> light,  
 And didna joy blink<sup>7</sup> in her e'e  
 As Robie tauld a tale o' love,  
 Ae e'enin' on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,  
 The birds sang sweet in ilka grove,  
 His cheek to hers he fondly prest,  
 And whispered thus his tale o' love,  
 "O, Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear,  
 O canst thou think to fancy me,  
 Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,  
 And learn to tent<sup>8</sup> the farms with me?"

At barn or byre<sup>9</sup> thou shalt na drudge,  
 Or naething else to trouble thee,  
 But stray amang the heather bells,  
 And tent the waving corn wi' me,"  
 Now what could artless Jeanie do?  
 She had nae will to say him na,  
 At length she blushed a sweet consent,  
 And love was aye between them twa.

<sup>1</sup>Linnet.<sup>2</sup>Oxen.<sup>3</sup>Appointed meeting.<sup>4</sup>Lost.<sup>5</sup>Stolen.<sup>6</sup>Jump.<sup>7</sup>Sparkle.<sup>8</sup>Take charge of.<sup>9</sup>Cowhouse or sheep-pen.

BURNS.

*Andante moderato.*

## The Smiling Spring.

Border Melody.

PIANO.

The smiling Spring comes  
The flow'ry Spring leads

*f* *rit.* *mp*

in re-joic-ing, And sur-ly Win - ter grim-ly flies, Now crystal clear are the falling wa - ters, And  
sun-ny Sum-mer, And yellow Au - tumn press-es near, Then in his turn comes gloomy Win - ter, Till

bonnie blue are the sunnyskies. Fresh o'er the mountain breaks forth the morning, The ev'ning gilds the  
smiling Spring a - gain appear. Thus seasons danc - ing,..... life advanc-ing, Old Time and Nature their

*cres.*

ocean's swell; All creatures joy in the sun's return - ing, And I re-joice in my bonnie Bell! All.....  
changes tell; But nev-er rang - ing, still unchang - ing, I a-dore my bonnie Bell! But.....

*dim. e rit.* *mf* *p*

creatures joy in..... the sun's re-turn-ing, And I re-joice in my bonnie Bell!  
nev-er rang - ing, still unchang - ing, I a-dore my bonnie Bell!

*rall.* *p* *mf* *p*



# The Sun rises bright in France.

*Adagio e con espress.*

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked *Adagio e con espress.* It begins with a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The dynamic starts at *mf* and ends with a *dim.* marking.

The first vocal entry is in 2/4 time. The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are: "The sun ris - es bright in France, And fair sets he;..... But Fu' bien - ly low'd<sup>2</sup> my ain hearth, And smil'd my sweet Mar - ie!..... Oh!" The piano part has a *p* marking.

The second vocal entry is in 2/4 time. The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are: "he has tint the blink<sup>1</sup> he had In my ain coun - trie. It's nae my ain I've left a' my heart be - hind, In my ain coun - trie. Oh, I'm leal to" The piano part has a *p* marking and a *cres.* marking.

The third vocal entry is in 2/4 time. The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are: "ru - in That weets aye my e'e;..... But the dear Mar - ie I left a - hin', Wi' high heav'n, Which aye was leal to me;..... And it's there I'll meet you a'..... soon, Frae" The piano part has a *p* marking and a *ten.* marking.

The fourth vocal entry is in 2/4 time. The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are: "sweet bair - nies three. And it's Oh! wae's me! my ain coun - trie. And it's Oh! wae's me!" The piano part has a *colla voce.* marking, a *sfp* marking, and a *pp* marking.

<sup>1</sup>Lost the look.

<sup>2</sup>Full cheerfully burned.

## The Rural Queen.

ALEX. CAMPBELL,

*Allegretto.*

Gaelic Air, "Gu ma slan a chi mi."

PIANO.

Blythesome may I see thee, and

mild as morn of May, And blooming fresh as ro - ses full-blown at break of day; And

when thou stray-est gai - ly o'er meads and hil-locks green, May love and joy at - tend thee, O

fair - est ru - ral queen!

When first I saw thee, lovely as lily of the vale,  
And heard thy mellow warblings commingling with the gale,  
I thought of seraphs hymning, in bowers of bliss above,  
Their hallowed strains harmonious of purest heavenly love.

'Twas then I first felt rapture, true love, and chaste desire,  
Those tenderest sensations that wishes pure inspire:  
'Twas then I fondly fancied that such a form divine  
Would yield all earthly joyance, were such an angel mine.

Full blythe then may I see thee for aye, my winsome maid,  
In every grace and virtue thy mind and frame arrayed;  
Thy guileless spirit playful, as innocently gay,  
Be sprightly as the Springtime, and blooming fair as May



## The tither Morn.

BURNS.

Highland Air.

*Allegretto.*

PIANO. *f* *p*

The ti-ther morn, When I for-lorn, Be -

neath an aik<sup>1</sup> sat moan - ing, I did na trow, I'd see my jo<sup>2</sup> Be - side me, gain the gloam - ing; But

he sae trig<sup>3</sup> Lap o'er the rig,<sup>4</sup> And daw-ting-ly<sup>5</sup> did cheer me, When I, whatreck Did least expect' To

*mf cres.*

see my lad sae near me.

His bonnet he  
A thought aje<sup>6</sup>,  
Cocked sprush when first he clasped me;  
And i, I wat,  
Wi' fainness grat,<sup>7</sup>  
While in his grips he pressed me.  
De'il tak' the war!  
I late and air  
Hae wished, since Jock departed;  
But now as glad  
I'm wi' my lad,  
As short syne broken-hearted.

Fu' aft at e'en  
Wi' dancing keen,  
When a' were blithe and merry,  
I cared na by,  
Sae sad was I  
In absence o' my dearie.  
But, praise be blest,  
My mind's at rest,  
I'm happy wi' my Johnny;  
At kirk and fair,  
I'se aye be there,  
And be as canty's ony.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Oak. <sup>2</sup>Sweetheart. <sup>3</sup>Neat. <sup>4</sup>Ridge. <sup>5</sup>Fondly. <sup>6</sup>On one side. <sup>7</sup>Wept for joy. <sup>8</sup>As bright as any



# The Women are a' gane wud.

*Moderato e ben marcato.*

PIANO. *f*

The piano introduction consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a treble staff with a whole rest and a bass staff with a whole note chord. The second system has a treble staff with a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes and a bass staff with a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. Pedal marks (Ped.) and asterisks (\*) are placed below the bass staff at the beginning, after the first measure, and after the third measure.

The wo - men are a' gane wud,<sup>1</sup> Oh! that he had bid - den a - wa', He's

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the grand staff. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and a more active melody in the treble. A *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic marking is present.

turn'd their heads, the lad! And ru - in will bring on us a'. I ay was a peac-a-ble man. My

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with a melodic phrase marked with an accent (>) and a fermata. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with a steady accompaniment in the bass and a more active melody in the treble.

wife she did doucelly<sup>2</sup> be-have; But now, do a' that I can, She's just as wild as the lave.<sup>3</sup> The

The third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with a steady accompaniment in the bass and a more active melody in the treble.

wo-men are a' gane wud, Oh! that he had bid-den a-wa,' He's turn'd their heads, the lad! And

ru - in will bring on us a'

*mf*

*D.C. al. 8*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The voice part is on a single staff, while the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are written below the voice staff. The score includes dynamic markings such as *mf* and *D.C. al. 8*.

My wife she wears the cockade,  
 Tho' she kens 'tis the thing that I hate;  
 There's ane, too, prinned on her maid,  
 And baith will take their ain gate.  
 The women, &c.

I've lived a' my days i' the strath,<sup>4</sup>  
 Now Tories infest me at hame;  
 An' tho' I tak nae part at a'  
 Baith sides gie me the blame,  
 The women, &c.

The wild Hieland lads they did pass,  
 The yetts<sup>5</sup> wide open did flee;  
 They ate the very house bare  
 And spier'd<sup>6</sup> nae leave o' me.  
 The women, &c.

But when the redcoats gaed by,  
 Dy'e think they'd let them alone?  
 They aye the louder did cry  
 Prince Charlie will soon get his ain.  
 The women, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Mad.<sup>2</sup> Wisely.<sup>3</sup> The rest.<sup>4</sup> Valley.<sup>5</sup> Gates.<sup>6</sup> Asked.

## The Wren.

Ancient Words.

*Andante larghetto.*

Ancient Melody.

PIANO. *mf*

The wren scho<sup>1</sup> lyes in care's bed, In care's bed, in care's bed, The wren scho lyes in care's bed, In

*p*

meikle dule and pyne,<sup>2</sup> oh, Quhen in came ro - bin red - breast, Quhen in came ro - bin red - breast, Quhen

*mf*

in came ro - bin red - breast, Wi' succar-saps<sup>3</sup> and wyne, oh.

*mf* *p*

Now, maiden, will ye taste o' this?  
Taste o' this, taste o' this?  
Now, maiden, will ye taste o' this?  
'Tis succar-saps and wyne, oh.  
Na, ne'er a drap, Robin,  
Na, Robin, na, Robin!  
Na, ne'er a drap, Robin,  
Gin 'twas ne'er so fine, oh.

And quhere's the ring that I gied ze?  
I gied ze, I gied ze?  
Quhere's the ring that I gied ze?  
Little cutty quean,<sup>4</sup> oh!  
I gied it till a soger  
A soger, a soger,  
I gied it till a soger,  
A kynd sweetheart o' myne, oh!

<sup>1</sup> She.<sup>2</sup> Heavy grief and pain<sup>3</sup> Sugar-sops.<sup>4</sup> Tiny little maid



Old "Bottle" Song.

## Todlen hame.

Old Melody.

*Andante scherzoso.*

PIANO. *mf* *p*

When I've a saxpence

un - der my thumb, Then I'll get cre - dit in il - ka town; But aye when I'm poor they

CHORUS. *mf*

bid me gae by; Oh! po - ver - ty parts good com - pa - ny. Tod - len hame.

tod-len hame, Oh, could na my love come tod-len hame?

*f* *dim.*

Fair fa' the guidwife, and send her good sale,  
She gies us white bannocks to drink her ale,  
Syne if her tippenny<sup>1</sup> chance to be sma',  
We'll tak' a good scour<sup>2</sup> o't, and ca't awa'.

Todlen hame, todlen hame,  
As round as a neep come todlen hame.

My kimmer<sup>3</sup> and I lay down to sleep,  
And twa pint-stoups at our bed-feet;  
And aye when we wakened we drank them dry:  
What think ye of my wee kimmer and I?  
Todlen but, and todlen ben,  
Sae round as my love comes todlen hame.

Leeze<sup>4</sup> me on liquor, my todlen dow,  
Ye're aye sae good-humoured when weeting your mou';  
When sober sae sour, ye'll fight wi' a flea,  
That 'tis a blithe sight to the bairns and me,  
When todlen hame, todlen hame,  
When round as a neep ye come todlen hame.

Ale at 2d. a bottle.

<sup>2</sup> Hearty drink.<sup>3</sup> Gossip.<sup>4</sup> Blessings on, or commend me to.

# Thou art gane awa' frae me.

Author unknown.

*Rather slow.*

PIANO.

*mf* *dim.*

Thou art gane a - wa', thou art gane a - wa', Thou art

*p*

gane a - wa'..... frae me, Ma - ry! Nor friends nor I could

make thee stay; Thou hast cheat - ed them..... and me, Ma - ry! Un -

*p*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system concludes the piece with a final vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. Dynamics include *cres.*, *f*, *dim.*, *p*, and *mp*.

*cres.* *cres.*

- - til this hour I ne - ver thought That aught could al - ter

*cres.* *cres.*

thee, Ma - - ry; Thou'rt still..... the mis - tress of my..... heart, Think

*f* *dim.* *p*

*f* *dim.* *p*

what ye will..... of me, Ma - ry.

*mp* *p*

Whate'er he said or might pretend,  
 That stole that heart o' thine, Mary,  
 True love, I'm sure, was ne'er his end,  
 Or nae sic love as mine, Mary.  
 I spoke sincere, nor flattered much,  
 Nae selfish thought's in me, Mary,  
 Ambition, wealth, nor naething such,  
 No, I loved only thee, Mary!

Though you've been false, yet while I live,  
 I'll lo'e nae maid but thee, Mary;  
 Let friends forget, as I forgive,  
 Thy wrangs to them and me, Mary.  
 So then, farewell! o' this be sure,  
 Since you've been false to me, Mary;  
 For a' the world I'd not endure  
 Half what I've done for thee, Mary.



# Thou bonnie Wood of Craigielea.

TANNAHILL.

JAMES BARR.

*Andante tranquillo.*

PIANO. *mf*

Thou

bon - nie wood of Craig - ie - lea, Thou bon - nie wood of Craig - ie - lea, Near

*p*

*cres.* thee I pass'd life's ear - ly day, And won my Ma - ry's heart in thee. The *mf*

*cres.* *p* *mf*

broom, the brier, the bir - ken bush, Bloom bon - nie o'er thy flow - ry lea; And

a' the sweets that ane can wish Frae na - ture's hand, are strew'd on thee. Thou

bon-nie wood of Craigielea, Thou bon-nie wood of Craigie-lea, Near thee I pass'd life's ear-ly day, And

won my Ma - ry's heart in thee.

Far ben thy dark green plantings' shade,  
 The cushat croodles am'rously;  
 The mavis, down thy bughted glade,  
 Gars echo ring frae ev'ry tree.  
 Thou bonnie wood, &c.

Awa! ye thoughtless, murd'ring gang,  
 Wha tear the nestlings ere they flee!  
 They'll sing you yet a canty sang,  
 Then, O in pity let them be!  
 Thou bonnie wood, &c.

When winter blows in sleety showers  
 Frae aff the Norlan hills sae hie,  
 He lightly skiffs thy bonnie bowers,  
 As laith to harm a flower in thee.  
 Thou bonnie wood, &c.

Though fate should drag me south the line,  
 Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea,  
 The happy hours I'll ever mind,  
 That I in youth ha'e spent in thee.  
 Thou bonnie wood, &c.

# Thou dark-winding Carron.

TANNAHILL.

Air, "The Maids of Arrochar."

*Lento, con dolore.*

PIANO.

*Con gran espress.*

*mp* *p*

Thou

dark-wind - ing Car - ron, a - nce pleas - ing to see, To me thou canst ne - ver bring

*p*

plea - sure a - gain; My brave Ca - le - do - nians lie low on the lea, And thy

streams are deep-ting'd with the blood of the slain, Ah! base-heart - ed treach - 'ry has



doom'd our un - do - ing; My poor bleed - ing coun - try, what more can I do! E'en

*cres.*

va - lour looks pale o'er the red field of ru - in, And free-dom be - holds her best

war - riors laid low.

*p*

Farewell! ye dear partners of peril, farewell!  
 Though buried ye lie in one wide bloody grave,  
 Your deeds shall ennoble the place where you fell,  
 And your names be enrolled with the sons of the brave!

But I, a poor outcast, in exile must wander;  
 Perhaps, like a traitor, ignobly must die:  
 On thy wrongs, O my country, indignant—I ponder;  
 Ah! woe to the hour when thy Wallace must fly.

## 'Twas na her bonnie blue e'e.

BURNS.

*Andantino.*

Air, "Laddie, lie near me"

PIANO.

*mf*

*mp*

'Twas na her bon - nie blue

e'e was my ru - - in; Fair though she be..... that was ne'er my un - do - in',

*p dolce.*

*rit. ad lib.*

'Twas the dear smile, when nae - bo - dy did mind us, 'Twas the be - witch - ing, sweet,

*p*

*colla voce.*

stoun glance of kind - ness.

*mf*

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,  
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me;  
But though fell fortune should fate us to sever,  
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,  
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest!  
And thou'rt the angel that never can alter;  
Sooner the sun in his motion shall falter.

# Wae is my Heart.

BURNS.

*Poco adagio.*

Air, "Wae is my heart."

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *p* (piano). The introduction concludes with a double bar line.

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff. The lyrics are: "Wae is my heart and the tears in my e'e;..... Lang, lang, joy's been a". The piano part includes a *p* (piano) dynamic marking.

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "stran - ger to me; For - sa - ken and friend-less my bur - den I bear, And the". The piano part includes a *p* (piano) dynamic marking.

The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "sweet voice of pi - ty ne'er sounds in my ear." The piano part includes a *sfpp* (sforzando piano) dynamic marking.

Love, thou hast pleasures, and deep ha'e I loved :  
 Love, thou hast sorrows, and sair ha'e I proved ;  
 But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,  
 I can feel by its throbings will soon be at rest.

Oh, if I were where happy I ha'e been,  
 Down by yon stream and yon bonnie castle-green ;  
 For there he is wandering, and musing on me,  
 Wha wad soon dry the tear frae his Phillis's e'e.



# We'll meet beside the Dusky Glen.

TANNAHILL.

Air, "Yon burn-side."

PIANO. *mf*

We'll meet be-side the dus-ky glen, on yon burn-side, Where the bush-es form a co-zie<sup>1</sup> den, on

yon burn-side; Tho' the broomy knowes<sup>2</sup> be green, Yet there we may be seen, But we'll

meet, we'll meet at e'en, down by yon burn-side.

I'll lead thee to the birken bower, on yon burn-side,  
Sae sweetly wove wi' woodbine flower, on yon burn-side;

There the mavis we will hear,  
And the blackbird singin' clear,  
As on my arm ye lean, down by yon burn-side.

Awa', ye rude unfeeling crew, frae yon burn-side;  
Those fairy scenes are no' for you, by yon burn-side,  
There fancy smooths her theme,  
By the sweetly murmuring stream,  
And the rock-lodged echoes skim, down by yon burn-side.

Now the plantin' taps are tinged wi' gowd, on yon burn-side,  
And gloamin'<sup>3</sup> draws her foggy shroud o'er yon burn-side,  
Far frae the noisy scene,  
I'll through the fields alane;  
There we'll meet, my ain dear Jean! down by yon burn-side.

<sup>1</sup> Warm, snug.<sup>2</sup> Hillocks.<sup>3</sup> Twilight.

# When merry hearts were gay.

HECTOR MACNEIL.

*Andante solenne.*

Air, "Donald and Flora."

PIANO. *mf* *p* *mp*

When mer - ry hearts were gay,

Care-less of aught but play, Poor Flo - ra slipt a - way, Sad-d'ning to Mo - ra;

Loose flow'd her yel-low hair, Quick heav'd her bo - som bare, As thus to the trou-bled air, She

*cres.* *p*

ven - ted her sor - row.

*p* *mp* *p* *dim.* *pp*

*rit. e dim.*

Ped. \*

"Loud howls the stormy west,  
Cold, cold is winter's blast;  
Haste then, O Donald! haste,  
Haste to thy Flora!  
Twice twelve long months are o'er,  
Since on a foreign shore  
You promised to fight no more,  
But meet me in Mora."

"Where now is Donald dear?"  
Maids cry with taunting sneer.  
"Say, is he still sincere  
To his loved Flora?"  
Parents upbraid my moan;  
Each heart is turned to stone—  
Ah! Flora, thou'rt now alone,  
Friendless in Mora!

"Come then, O come away!  
Donald, no longer stay;  
Where can my rover stray  
From his loved Flora?"

Ah! sure he ne'er can be  
False to his vows and me;  
Oh, Heaven! is not yonder he  
Bounding o'er Mora?"

"Never, ah, wretched fair!"  
(Sighed the sad messenger),  
"Never shall Donald mair  
Meet his loved Flora!

Cold as yon mountain snow,  
Donald, thy love, lies low,  
He sent me to soothe thy wo,  
Weeping in Mora.

"Well fought our gallant men,  
On Saratoga's plain;  
Thrice fled the hostile train  
From British glory.  
But ah! though our foes did flee,  
Sad was each victory;  
Youth, love, and loyalty,  
Fell far from Mora.

When Maggie and I was acquaint.

By JOHN, LORD YESTER; d. 1713.

Air, "Twædside."

*Andantino.*

PIANO.

 $mf$ 

*mf*

When Mag - gie and I..... was ac - quaint, I car - ried my

*p*

nod - dle fu' high; Nae lint-white on a' the green plain, Nor

gowl - spirk sae hap - py as I. But I saw her sae



fair, and I lo'ed,..... I woo'd, but I cam' nae great

*mf*

speed; So now I maun wan - der a - broad,.... And lay my banes

*dim.*

*mf* *dim.* *p*

far frae the Tweed.

*mf*

To Maggie my love I did tell,—  
 Saut tears did my passion express;  
 Alas! for I lo'ed her o'er well,  
 And the women lo'e sic a man less.  
 Her heart it was frozen and cauld,  
 Her pride had my ruin decreed;  
 Therefore I will wander abroad,  
 And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

#### CRAWFORD'S VERSION.

What beauties doth Flora disclose!  
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!  
 Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,  
 Both nature and fancy exceed.  
 Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,  
 Nor all the gay flowers of the field,  
 Nor Tweed gliding gently through those,  
 Such beauty and pleasure do yield.  
 The warblers are heard in the grove,  
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,  
 The blackbird, and sweet-cooing dove,  
 With music enchant every bush.  
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,  
 Let us see how the primroses spring;  
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,  
 And love while the feathered folks sing.

# When Phœbus bright.

Part of Old Ballad.

Air, "Leader Haughs and Yarrow."

*Andante espressivo.*

PIANO. *mf* *p tranquillo.* *mp*

When

Phœ-bus bright the a-zure skies With gold-en rays en-light'n-eth, He

makes all na-ture's beau-ties rise, Herbs, trees, and flow'rs he quick-'neth: A -

- mongst all those he makes his choice, And with de-light goes tho-row, With

*cres.* *p*

ra - dant beams, the sil - ver streams O'er Lead - er Haughs and Yar - row.

*mf* *p*

When Aries the day and night  
 In equal length divideth,  
 Auld frosty Saturn takes his flight,  
 Nae langer he abideth;  
 Then Flora, queen, with mantle green,  
 Casts off her former sorrow,  
 And vows to dwell with Ceres' sel',  
 On Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

Pan playing on his aiten reed,  
 And shepherds him attending,  
 Do here resort their flocks to feed,  
 The hills and haughs commending.  
 With cur and kent<sup>1</sup> upon the bent,  
 Sing to the sun good-morrow,  
 And swear nae fields mair pleasure yields  
 Than Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

An house there stands on Leader-side,  
 Surmounting my describing,  
 With rooms sae rair, and windows fair,  
 Like Daedalus' contriving;  
 Men passing by do often cry,  
 "In sooth it hath nae marrow,  
 It stands as sweet on Leader-side  
 As Newark does on Yarrow"

A mile below, wha lists to ride,  
 They'll hear the mavis singing,  
 Into Saint Leonard's banks she'll bide,  
 Sweet birks her head o'erhanging;  
 The lint-white<sup>2</sup> loud, and Frogne proud,  
 With tuneful throats and marrow  
 Into Saint Leonard's banks they sing  
 As sweetly as on Yarrow.

The lapwing lilteth o'er the lea,  
 With nimble wing she sporteth,  
 But vows she'll flee frae tree to tree,  
 Where Philomel resorteth;  
 By break of day the lark can say,  
 I'll bid you a good morrow,  
 I'll streek my wing, and, mounting, sing  
 O'er Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

<sup>1</sup> Shepherd's staff      <sup>2</sup> Linnet.



# With broken words.

(COLIN AND GRISSY PARTING).

RAMSAY.

Air, "Wae's my heart."

*Andante espressivo.*

PIANO.

*mf sempre legato.*

With bro - ken words and down - cast eyes, Poor Co lin spoke his

*p*

pas - - sion ten - der, And part - ing with his Gris - sy cries, "Ah!

wae's my heart that we should sun - der; To o - thers I'm as

*mf*

cold..... as snow, But kin - - dle with thine eyes like tin - der, From

*cres.*

thee with pain I'm forc'd to go, It breaks my heart that

*p*

we should sun - der."

*mf*

"Chained to thy charms I cannot range,  
 No beauty new my love shall hinder,  
 Nor time nor place shall ever change  
 My vows, tho' we're obliged to sunder;  
 The image of thy graceful air,  
 And beauties which invite our wonder,  
 Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,  
 Shall still be present, tho' we sunder."

"Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,  
 You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;  
 Then seal the promise with a kiss,  
 Always to love me, tho' we sunder.  
 Ye gods, take care of my dear lass,  
 That as I leave her I may find her;  
 When that blest time shall come to pass,  
 We'll meet again, and never sunder."

## Where ha'e ye been sae braw, Lad?

*Moderato.*

PIANO. *f*

Where ha'e ye been sae braw, lad? Where ha'e ye been sae brankie<sup>1</sup>, oh? Where

*mp*

ha'e ye been sae braw, lad? Came ye by Kil - lie - cran-kie, oh? An ye had been whar

*mf*

I ha'e been, Ye wad-na been sae can-tie, oh; An ye had seen what I ha'e seen, I' the

*rit. a tempo.*

*dim. rit. a tempo.*

braes o' Kil - lie - cran-kie, oh!

*pp* *mf cres.*

I faught at land, I faught at sea,  
At hame I faught my auntie, oh,  
But I met the Devil and Dundee  
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, oh.  
An ye had been, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Gaudie. <sup>2</sup> Furrow.

The bauld Pit-cur fell in a furr,<sup>2</sup>  
And Clavers got a clankie, oh,<sup>3</sup>  
Or I had fed an Athole gled<sup>4</sup>  
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, oh.  
An ye had been, &c.

<sup>3</sup> Blow. <sup>4</sup> Hawk.



# Young Peggie blooms our bonniest lass.

BURNS.

Air, "Peggie, I must love thee."

*Andante con tenerezza.*

PIANO.

Young Peg - gie blooms our bon - niest lass, Her blush is like the morn - ing, The

ro - sy dawn, the spring - ing grass, With ear - ly gems a - dorn - ing. Her eyes out - shine the

ra - diant beams That gild the pass - ing show - - er, And glit - ter o'er the

crys - tal streams, And cheer each fresh - ning flow'r.

Her lips, more than the cherries bright,  
 A richer dye has graced them;  
 They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,  
 And sweetly tempt to taste them;  
 Her smile is, like the evening, mild,  
 When feathered tribes are courting,  
 And little lambkins wanton wild,  
 In playful bands disporting.

Were fortune lovely Peggie's foe,  
 Such sweetness would relent her;  
 As blooming spring unbends the brow  
 Of surly, savage winter.

Detraction's eye no aim can gain,  
 Her winning powers to lessen;  
 And spiteful envy grins in vain,  
 The poisoned tooth to fasten.

Ye powers of Honour, Love and Truth,  
 From every ill defend her;  
 Inspire the highly favoured youth  
 The destinies intend her;  
 Still fan the sweet connubial flame,  
 Responsive in each bosom;  
 And bless the dear parental name  
 With many a filial blossom.

# Ye maun gang to your father, Janet.

Old Ballad.

Air, "Fair Janet."

*Andante.*

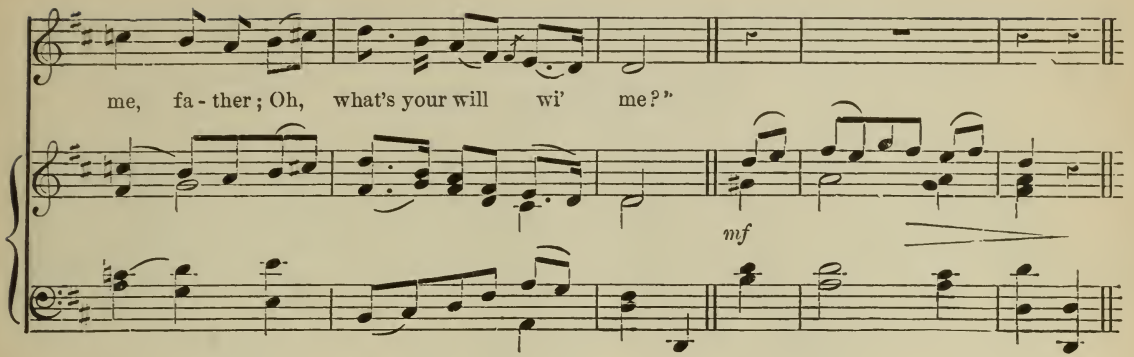
PIANO. *mf*

"Ye

maun gang to your fa - ther, Ja - net, Ye maun gang to him sune; Ye

maun gang to your fa - ther, Ja - net, Be - fore his days are dune." Ja -

- net's a-wa' to her fa - ther, As..... fast as she could hie: "Oh! what's your will wi'



"My will wi' you, fair Janet," he said,  
 "It is baith bed and board ;  
 Some say that ye lo'e sweet Willie,  
 But ye maun wed a French lord."

Janet's awa' to her chamber,  
 As fast as she could go ;  
 Wha's the first ane that tapped there  
 But sweet Willie, her jo ?

"O we maun part this love, Willie,  
 That has been lang between ;  
 There's a French lord coming o'er the sea  
 To wed me wi' a ring."

Willie he was scarce awa',  
 And the lady put to bed ;  
 When in and came her father dear,  
 "Make haste, and busk the bride !"

"There's a sair pain in my head, father ;  
 There's a sair pain in my side ;  
 And ill, O ill am I, father,  
 This day for to be a bride."

"O, ye maun busk this bonnie bride,  
 And put a gay mantle on ;  
 For she shall wed this auld French lord,  
 Gin<sup>1</sup> she should die the morn."

. . . . .

Some put on the gay green robes,  
 And some put on the brown ;  
 But Janet put on the scarlet robes,  
 To shine foremost through the town.

And some they mounted the black steed,  
 And some they mounted the brown,  
 But Janet mounted the milk white steed,  
 To ride foremost through the town.

"O wha will guide your horse, Janet?  
 O wha will guide him best ?"  
 "O wha but Willie, my true love ;  
 He kens I lo'e him best."

And when they cam' to Marie's Kirk,  
 To tye the haly ban',  
 Fair Janet's face looked pale and wan',  
 And her colour gaed and cam'.

When dinner it was past and done,  
 And dancing to begin,  
 "O, we'll go take the bride's maidens,  
 And we'll go fill the ring."

O, ben then cam' the auld French lord,  
 Saying, "Bride, will ye dance wi' me ?"  
 "Awa', awa', ye auld French lord,  
 Your face I downa<sup>2</sup> see."

O, ben then cam' now sweet Willie,  
 Saying, "Bride, will ye dance wi' me ?"  
 "Ay, by my sooth, and that I will,  
 Gin my back should break in three."

She hadna turned her thro' the dance.  
 Thro' the dance but thrice,  
 When she fell down at Willie's feet,  
 And up did never rise.

Willie's ta'en the key o' his coffer,  
 And gi'en it to his man,  
 "Gae hame, and tell my mother dear,  
 My horse he has me slain."

The tane<sup>3</sup> was buried in Marie's Kirk,  
 And the tither<sup>4</sup> in Marie's quier ;  
 Out of the tane there grew a birk,  
 And the tither, a bonnie brier.

<sup>1</sup> If or though.

<sup>2</sup> Dare not.

<sup>3</sup> One.

<sup>4</sup> Other.



# The Rowan Tree.

LADY NAIRNE.

Air, "Rowan Tree."

*With much expression and rather slowly.*

PIANO. *mp dolce.* *mf*

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The melody begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The accompaniment consists of chords and single notes. Dynamics include *mp dolce* and *mf*.

*dolce.*

O Rowan tree, O Rowan tree! thou't aye be dear to me; En -

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The vocal melody is marked *dolce*. The piano accompaniment includes a *p* (piano) dynamic. The lyrics are "O Rowan tree, O Rowan tree! thou't aye be dear to me; En -".

\* *twi*'d thou art wi' mo - ny ties o' hame and in - fan - cy. Thy

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal melody has an asterisk (\*) above a note, indicating a variation. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes. The lyrics are "- twi'd thou art wi' mo - ny ties o' hame and in - fan - cy. Thy".

\* In verse 4 only.

leaves were aye the first o' spring, thy flow'rs the sim-mer's pride; There

was nae sic a bon-ny tree in a' the coun-trie side. O Row - an tree!

How fair wert thou in simmer time, wi' a' thy clusters white,  
 How rich and gay thy autumn dress, wi' berries red and bright.  
 On thy fair stem were mony names, which now nae mair I see,  
 But they're engraven on my heart—forgot they ne'er can be!  
 O Rowan tree!

We sat aneath thy spreading shade, the bairnies round thee ran,  
 They pu'd thy bonny berries red, and necklaces they strang.  
 My mother! Oh! I see her still, she smil'd our sports to see,  
 Wi' little Jeanie on her lap, wi' Jamie at her knee!  
 O Rowan tree!

Oh! there arose my father's prayer, in holy evening's calm,  
 How sweet was then my mother's voice, in the Martyr's psalm;  
 Now a' are gane! we meet nae mair aneath the Rowan tree;  
 But hallowed thoughts around thee twine o' hame and infancy.  
 O Rowan tree!

## True-hearted was he.

BURNS.

Air, "Bonnie Dundee."

*Andante moderato.*

*mf*

True -

PIANO.

- heart-ed was he, the sad swain o' the Yar-row, And fair are the maids on the

*mp*

Ped. \*

banks o' the Ayr; But by the sweet side o' the Nith's wind-ing ri-ver, Are

*cresc.*

*f*

lov - ers as faith - fu' and maid - ens as fair. To e - qual young Jes - sie seek

*cresc.*

*f*



Scot-land all o-ver; To e-qual young Jes-sie you seek it in vain; Grace,

*f* *sf*

This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and includes accents. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef and features chords and moving lines. A sforzando (*sf*) dynamic is marked in the piano part.

beau-ty, and el-e-gance fet-ter her lov-er, And maid-en-ly mod-es-ty

*mp dolce* *p*

This system contains the next two staves of music. The vocal line continues with a mezzo-piano (*mp*) and dolce (sweet) character. The piano part includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

fix-es the chain.

*rit.* *p*

This system contains the final two staves of music. The vocal line concludes with a fermata. The piano part features a ritardando (*rit.*) and a piano (*p*) dynamic, ending with a final chord marked with a fermata and a small '8' below it.

Oh! fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning,  
 And sweet is the lily at evening close;  
 But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,  
 Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.  
 Love sits in her smile, a wizzard ensnaring,  
 Enthroned in her e'en, he delivers his law,  
 And still to her charms she alone is a stranger!  
 Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'.

## The Braes o' Gleniffer.

TANNAHILL.

Air, "Bonnie Dundee,"

*mf*

*Andante moderato.*

*Verse 2. Then*  
*„ 3. You*

PIANO.

1. Keen blows the wind o'er the braes o' Glen - if - fer, The auld cas - tle's tur - rets are

*mp*

Ped. \*

cov - er'd wi' snaw; How chang'd fra' the time when I met wi' my lov - er A -

*cresc.*

*f*

- mang the broom bushes by Stan - ley - green shaw. The wild flow'rs o' sim - mer were

*cresc.*

spread a' sae bon-ny, The ma-vis sang sweet frae the green bir-ken tree: But

far to the camp they hae march'd my dear John-ny, An' now it is win-ter wi'

na - ture an' me.

Then ilk thing around us was blythsome an' cheery;  
 Then ilk thing around us was bonny an' braw;  
 Now naething is heard but the wind whistling dreary,  
 An' naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw.  
 The trees are a' bare, an' the birds mute an' dowie,  
 They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee,  
 An' chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnny;  
 'Tis winter wi' them, an' 'tis winter wi' me.

You cauld sleety cloud skiffs along the bleak mountain,  
 An' shakes the dark firs on the stey rocky brae;  
 While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded fountain,  
 That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie an' me;  
 'Tis no its loud roar on the wintry win' swelling;  
 It's no the cauld blast brings the tears i' my e'e  
 For, O! gin I saw but my bonny Scotch callan  
 The dark days o' winter were simmer to me.



## Will ye no come back again?

LADY NAIRNE.

PIANO.

*Andante moderato.*

*mf*

*p dolce.*

 The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, marked 'Andante moderato'. It begins with a treble clef staff containing a whole rest. The piano accompaniment starts in the second measure with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The right hand melody is marked 'mf' and the left hand is marked 'p dolce'. The music is in a key with one flat (B-flat major or D minor).

(In verses 2 and 4.)

Bon - nie Char - lie's now a - wa'; Safe - ly owre the

 This system contains the first line of the song. The vocal melody is on a treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clef). The lyrics are 'Bon - nie Char - lie's now a - wa'; Safe - ly owre the'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

friend - ly main; Mo - ny a heart will break in twa, Should he ne'er come

 This system contains the second line of the song. The vocal melody continues on the treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment continues on the two staves. The lyrics are 'friend - ly main; Mo - ny a heart will break in twa, Should he ne'er come'.

back a - gain. Will ye no come back a - gain? Will ye no come

*rit. ad lib.* *sf* *rit. ad lib.*

*p* *rit. colla voce.* *sf p* *colla voce.*

 This system contains the third line of the song. The vocal melody is on the treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is on the two staves. The lyrics are 'back a - gain. Will ye no come back a - gain? Will ye no come'. The system includes dynamic markings: 'rit. ad lib.' above the vocal staff, 'sf' above the piano staff, and 'p', 'rit. colla voce.', 'sf p', and 'colla voce.' below the piano staff.

back a - gain? Bet - ter lo'ed ye can - na be— Will ye no come

*sf p*

*1st to 4th verses.* *Last verse.*

back a - gain? back a - gain?

*p sf > pp*

Ye trusted in your Hieland men,  
 They trusted you, dear Charlie!  
 They kent your hiding in the glen,  
 Death or exile braving.

Will ye no come back again?  
 Will ye no come back again?  
 Better lo'ed ye canna be—  
 Will ye no come back again?

English bribes were a' in vain,  
 Tho' puir, and puirer, we maun be;  
 Siller canna buy the heart  
 That beats aye for thine and thee.  
 Will ye no come back, &c.

We watched thee in the gloaming hour,  
 We watched thee in the morning grey;  
 Tho' thirty thousand pound they gie,  
 Oh, there is nane that wad betray!  
 Will ye no come back, &c.

Sweet's the laverock's note and lang,  
 Liltin' wildly up the glen;  
 But aye to me he sings ae sang:—  
 "Will ye no come back again?"  
 Will ye no come back, &c.

# The March of the Cameron men.

PIANO.

*With energy.*

*ff* *sff* *mp*

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time. It begins with a treble clef staff containing a whole rest. The piano part consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a series of eighth notes, while the left hand plays a more rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. Dynamic markings include *ff* (fortissimo), *sff* (sforzando), and *mp* (mezzo-piano). The piece concludes with a repeat sign and a final cadence.

*f*

There's ma - ny a man of the Ca - me - ron clan That has fol - low'd his chief to the

*mp*

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef, marked *f* (forte). The piano accompaniment is in the grand staff, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a steady eighth-note bass line, marked *mp* (mezzo-piano). The lyrics are: "There's ma - ny a man of the Ca - me - ron clan That has fol - low'd his chief to the".

field;..... He has sworn to sup - port him, or die by his side, For

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal part is marked *f* (forte). The piano accompaniment remains in the grand staff with the same rhythmic pattern. The lyrics are: "field;..... He has sworn to sup - port him, or die by his side, For".



Ca - me - ron ne - ver can yield..... I hear the pib - roch

*mf* *poco rit.*

sound - ing, sound - ing, Deep o'er the moun - tains and glens,..... While

*a tempo.* *f*

light-springing footsteps are trampling the heath, 'Tis the march of the Ca - me-ron men.....

*f* *sf* *sf* *sf* *sff* *ff*

O proudly they walk, but each Cameron knows  
 He may tread on the heather no more;  
 But boldly he follows his chief to the field,  
 Where his laurels were gather'd before.  
 I hear the pibroch sounding, &c.

The moon has arisen, it shines on that path  
 Now trod by the gallant and true—  
 High, high are their hopes, for their chieftain has said  
 That whatever men dare, they can do.  
 I hear the pibroch sounding, &c.

# The bonnie Breast-Knots.

Author of words unknown.

Tune, "Bonnie Breast-Knots."

*Brisk and well marked.*

**PIANO.** *f* *>* *>*

*f*

Hey the bon - ny, how the bon - ny, O the bon - ny breast-knots; Tight and bon - ny

*mf* *lightly.*

*Sves. ad lib.*

were they a', When they got on their breast-knots. There was a bri-dal in this town, And

*rit.* *mf a tempo.*

till't the las-ses a' were boun', With mankie facings on their gown, And some o' them had breast-knots.

*rit.* *mp a tempo.*

CHORUS. *f*

Hey the bon-ny, how the bon-ny, O the bon-ny breast-knots; Tight and bon-ny were they a', When they got on their breast-knots.

At nine o'clock the lads conven,  
Some clad in blue, some clad in green,  
Wi' glancin buckles in their sheen,  
And flowers upon their waistcoats.  
Hey the bonny, &c.

Forth came the wives a' wi' a phrase,  
And wish'd the lassie happy days,  
And muckle thought they o' her claise,  
And 'specially the breast-knots.  
Hey the bonny, &c.

Next, down their breakfast it was set,  
Some barley-lippies of milk-meat,  
It leiped them, it was sae het,  
As soon as they did taste o't.  
Hey the bonny, &c.

When ilka ane had claw'd their plate,  
The piper lad he lookèd blate;  
Altho' they said that he should eat,  
I trow he lost the best o't.  
Hey the bonny, &c.

Syne forth they got a' wi' a loup,  
O'er creels, and deals and a', did coup,  
Cry'd for a spring to raise their houp,  
The bride she sought the breast-knot.  
Hey the bonny, &c.

Fan they ty'd up their marriage band,  
At the bridegroom's they neist did land,  
Forth came auld Madge wi' her split mawn,  
And bread and cheese a hist o't.  
Hey the bonny, &c.

She took a quarter and a third,  
And on the bride's head gae a gird,  
Till farls flew athort the yird,  
And parted round the rest o't.  
Hey the bonny, &c.

The bride then by the hand they took,  
Twice, thrice they led her round the crook,  
Some said, goodwife, weel mat ye brook,  
And some great count they cast not.  
Hey the bonny, &c.

A' ran to kilns and barns in ranks,  
Some sat on deals, and some on planks,  
The piper lad stood on his shanks,  
And dirl'd up the breast-knot.  
Hey the bonny, &c.



## Oh! why left I my hame?

R. GILFILLAN.

Tune founded on "The Lowlands of Holland."  
*Dolce espressivo.*

PIANO. *Moderato.* *mf* *p* *p*

Oh! why left I my

hame? Why did I cross the deep? Oh! why left I the land Where my fore - fa - thers

sleep? I sigh for Sco-tia's shore, And I gaze a-cross the sea, But I can-na get a

blink O' my ain coun - trie.

*p* *mf dolce.* *dim.* *pp*

The palm tree waveth high  
And fair the myrtle springs,  
And to the Indian maid  
The bulbul sweetly sings;  
But I dinna see the broom  
Wi' its tassels on the lea,  
Nor hear the lintie's sang  
O' my ain countrie.

Oh! here no Sabbath bell  
Awakes the Sabbath morn,  
Nor song of reapers heard  
Among the yellow corn:  
For the tyrant's voice is here  
And the wail of slavery;  
But the sun of freedom shines  
In my ain countrie.

There's a hope for every woe,  
And a balm for every pain;  
But the first joys of our heart  
Come never back again.  
There's a track upon the deep  
And a path across the sea,  
But the weary ne'er return  
To their ain countrie.

## The Braes of Mar.

ALEXANDER LAING.

Air, "Braes of Mar" (1715).

*f* *Declamando.*  
The standard on the braes o' Mar Is

*Boldly.*  
*f* *mf colla voce.*  
Ped. \*

*ten.*  
up and streaming rare - ly; The gath'ring pipe on Lochna-gar Is sound-ing lang and sair - ly. The

*colla voce.*  
Ped. \*

*a tempo.* *rit. ad lib.*  
Hieland-men Frae hill and glen, In mar-tial hue, Wi' bonnet blue, Wi' belted plaids And burnish'd blades, Are

*a tempo.* *colla voce.*

coming late and ear - ly.

*f* *ff*

Wha wadna join our noble chief,  
The Drummond and Glengary,  
Macgregor, Murray, Rollo, Keith,  
Pannure, and gallant Harry.  
Macdonald's men,  
Clan-Ronald's men,  
Mackenzie's men,  
Macgillivray's men,  
Strathallan's men,  
The lowlan' men,  
Of Callendar and Airly.

Fy! Donald, up and let's awa,  
We canna langer parley,  
When Jamie's back is at the wa'  
The lad we lo'e sae dearly.  
We'll go—we'll go  
An' meet the foe,  
An' fling the plaid,  
An' swing the blade,  
An' forward dash.  
An' hack an' slash—  
An' fleg the German carlie.





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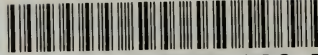
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